RAGE

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/33762625.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warnings:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Abigail Hobbs, Will Graham & Beverly Katz, Hannibal Lecter & Mischa Lecter
Characters:	Freddie Lounds, Jimmy Price, Abigail Hobbs, Will Graham, Beverly Katz, Brian Zeller, Hannibal Lecter, Mischa Lecter, Tobias Budge, Franklyn Froideveaux, Francis Dolarhyde, Mason Verger, Matthew Brown (Hannibal), Dr. Cordell Doemling, Anthony Dimmond
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - 28 Days Later Fusion, POV Abigail Hobbs, Hannibal Lecter is Not a Cannibal, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Omega Will Graham, Attempted Rape/Non-Con, Attempted Sexual Assault, no beta we die like Antony Dimmond, Suicide, Suicide Notes, Minor Character Death, References to Drugs, Medicinal Drug Use, POV Will Graham, POV Hannibal Lecter, Mating Bites, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Surgery, Attempted Rape/Non-con Not Between Main, Found Family, Murder Family, Families of Choice, Medical Inaccuracies
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-09-08 Completed: 2021-09-24 Words: 41,173 Chapters: 13/13

RAGE

by SovranoPierrot

Summary

She walked up to a newspaper stand and picked up one of the papers off the ground.

"MANDATORY MILITARY EVACUATION"

Her eyes widened and she quickly dropped the paper as if it had burned her without reading past the headline, biting her lip. It was too much to take in, too surreal.

((28 Days Later AU))

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

> Tagged with attempted sexual assault/rape/non-con ahead of time, but it won't happen until much later in the story. Just didn't want anyone to get invested if this was something that they can't stomach. I'll make sure to CW the beginning of the actual chapter that it happens in, for everyone's comfort.

A woman with fiery red curly locks was sneaking around the room quietly, a look of disgust painted clear as day on her face as she took pictures of everything she could with her Fujifilm manual focus camera.

After walking through the maze of plexiglass cages in the dark for almost twenty minutes, she put her camera in her bag and took out bolt cutters for the padlocks on the cages.

She had just clipped open a chimpanzee's padlock when she heard the sound of a ceramic coffee mug shatter on the ground. A man in a lab coat ran over and tried to hold both her, and the cage door shut-- he looked older than herself and was on the scrawny side, his nametag said 'J. PRICE' and he smelled like an omega.

"You can't let them out!" He screamed, eyes wide with fear. "They're infected!"

The red haired woman struggled both to get out of the man's grip and to get him off the door of the cage, "Infected with what?"

"We don't know! Please! It's a novel virus, something no one has ever seen before!" The man quickly says in a panic, but then the chimpanzee rams the door of the cage at the same time as the redhead's struggles, throwing Price off balance and to the ground.

The redhead blinks in surprise as the chimpanzee jumps out of the cage, then scrambles to get back away from the animal when it jumps at her but it's too late. It beats her and bites her as she screams, its teeth breaking her flesh.

Price had finally found a steel catch pole and got the loop around the neck of the rabid chimpanzee, snagging the line tight and struggling to try to contain the flailing beast as the woman writhed and jerked on the floor. "Miss?! Miss?! Did it bite you?! Please, tell me, did it bite you?!"

The woman suddenly sat up, her pupils fully constricted and the whites of her eyes completely bloodshot. She jerked and snarled as she got up, Price's eyes widening in pure terror.

The man shook his head as he took two steps back, then quickly dropped the steel catch pole holding the chimpanzee as he turn and ran. In a panic, he punched in the code to open the security door, praying to be faster than the infected woman.

But as the door opened, she tackled him to the ground, flipping him onto his back as he struggled against her. She straddled his stomach as she snarled and started beating his face bloody. Then she grabbed his head, lifting it up and slammed it down against the tiles with a loud crack, his arms dropping limply to the ground as blood started to drip out of his ears.

The woman grunts and stands, jerking, before running off into the darkness.

The chimpanzee followed behind a moment later, going off in another direction.

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The first thing she noticed when she opened her eyes was how unnaturally quiet it was.

She laid there, staring at the ceiling, for several minutes before turning onto her side and pushing herself into a sitting position, whimpering as she accidentally pulled out her IV lines. She grabbed her bleeding elbow, looking around in confusion. The IV bags-- multiple? Why had she been hooked up to multiple?-- she had previously been hooked up to were empty, just like the other hospital bed on the other side of the room.

The brunette pushed the blanket off her legs and gingerly climbed out of the bed, rubbing her arms as she felt a chill from the breeze coming in through the cracked open window, wishing she had something more than just a hospital gown on.

She went to the door and tried to open it, wanting to find a nurse to help her with her bleeding elbow, but it was locked. She frowned, then looked down and realized a key was on the floor at her feet. She pursed her lips and tilted her head, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear nervously, before remembering her bleeding elbow.

She went over to the cabinets and opened them, finding antiseptic wipes and gauze. After carefully cleaning her wound, she bandaged it and started looking around, eventually finding a duffle bag with her clothing in it. She smiled in relief and quickly changed before going back to the door, picking up the key and letting herself out.

She looked into the hall with caution, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear again. No one. She pursed her lips and made her way down the strangely quiet halls.

"Hello?" She called out occasionally as she looked around, making her way down the hall to a stairwell.

No one ever responded.

She went down the three flights of steps and into the main lobby, where she saw a phone off the hook on the front desk. She picked up the phone and put it to her ear, clicking the tongue to try to get a dial tone.

Nothing.

She sighed, putting the phone back on the desk, looking around again as her stomach growls with a frown.

'Maybe there was still some packaged food in the cafeteria? It was worth a shot at least.'

She followed the signs of the hospital until she got to the cafeteria, wrinkling her nose at the rotten food everywhere. She went to the cashier stand and grabbed two thank you bags, then went back and filled them with food and energy drinks. She then opened a can of Monster Zero Rose, drinking half of it before opening some packaged chocolate covered pastry and taking a bite as she started to make her way out of the hospital.

She walked down the hospital steps and looked around cautiously. She hadn't seen anyone throughout the entire hospital, and it seemed like no one was outside either.

It was kind of… terrifying.

She looked at the hospital sign and at least took comfort in the knowledge that she was still in Baltimore, her hometown. She still wasn't entirely sure why she was in the hospital. Last thing she could remember was that she was driving with Marissa in the car, and then she drove into an intersection…

And then she woke up alone.

She sighed, 'I guess I must have gotten in an accident or something. I hope Marissa was okay.'

She walked up to a newspaper stand and picked up one of the papers off the ground.

"MANDATORY MILITARY EVACUATION"

Her eyes widened and she quickly dropped the paper as if it had burned her without reading past the headline, biting her lip. It was too much to take in, too surreal.

'This has to be a nightmare,' she thought to herself as she looked around at the empty streets.

She walked up to a church and opened the heavy door, letting it swing shut behind herself. She walked in towards the pews, which looked to be full of congregants, but as she got closer she had to cover her nose with her elbow because of the smell of rotting flesh.

Her eyes watered as she looked at the hall full of bodies, distraught. Were they all dead?

"Hello?"

Immediately someone up by the pulpit jumped up from the ground, jerking their head to look at her.

They were covered in blood.

She stared at them in shock for a moment, feet frozen in place. When the person did a full body jerk before running and grunting in her direction, she yelped in surprise before

stumbling over her own feet then running back out of the church and down the street as fast as her feet would take her.

She didn't know why they were chasing her.

But if they were covered in blood, she didn't want to find out.

She was running down the middle of the street and she could hear the grunting behind her as she ran. Tears started to prick her eyes. Her legs and lungs were getting tired, and she was terrified she'd collapse before getting somewhere safe.

Suddenly three people ran out of an alleyway after she passed, one grabbing her wrist like a vice and yanking her along while the other two went after the person who had chased her. She tried to look back over her shoulder at the three now behind them, but the one pulling her wrist just yanked her harder and made her run faster.

"Come on! They'll take care of the infected!" The man said; by the scent of him, an omega. They ran down a few streets until they got to a store that had security gates pulled down over all of the windows, the man quickly opening the door and pulling her inside before shutting it behind them.

He watched the door with sharp piercing blue eyes, panting. Meanwhile, she stepped back away from him and slid her back against the wall to the ground, feeling an overwhelming mixture of exhaustion and relief wash over her body. After catching her breath, she looked up to the man and eyed him curiously.

He had black glasses with curly brown hair and tight scruff that, as far as omegas were concerned, probably passed as a beard. He was wearing a flannel shirt and old jeans with a pair of old worn black steel toe work boots. He had a machete on one hip, and a large hunting knife holstered on the other thigh.

He certainly didn't look anything like any other omega she had ever met. They were always so sweet and effeminate and docile.

Soon she jumped when there was banging on the door. The man opened it quickly so the two people from before could run inside, the man shutting the door behind them and bolting it.

One of them was an asian woman with long hair pulled into a braid, wearing a red leather jacket with a black pleated cami blouse underneath and acid wash jeans with black sneakers. She was a beta, of course, as all women were.

The other was a scrawny but tall man with black hair, wearing a jean jacket over his grey teeshirt and a pair of black pants and sneakers. He smelled like an alpha, though not a very dominant one.

As they caught their breath, the omega looked over at her and she froze. She felt like he could see right through her. She swallowed nervously. He looked away and walked to the back of the store without another word, and she relaxed a bit as she watched him go.

The asian woman walked over to her as she also watched the omega walk away, bending down in front of the teen with one hand on her knee and holding out her other hand to shake the teen's. "Hey there! I'm Beverly Katz. But you can call me Bev if you want."

She let go of the teen's hand and pointed to the alpha, "Gangly one is Brian Zeller, or Z as I call him." Motions vaguely to the back of the store, "The moody one is Will Graham, you'll get used to him."

"Abigail," the girl said quietly, then a little louder, "My name is Abigail Hobbs."

Beverly smiled and nodded, "Alright, awesome. Welcome to the party, Abigail." She walked over to the food section of the store and started rifling through it, speaking louder so Abigail could still hear her, "So, where did you come from? We haven't seen any non-infected in… four days now?"

"Five days! And that guy died real quick." Brian said off-handedly from the food section as he walked over to sit next to Abigail. He handed her a can of Crush orange soda, a bottle of water, a bag of smokehouse flavored almonds, and some teriyaki beef jerky.

Abigail blinked a few times at his selections-- they weren't what she would have chosen for herself-- but when in Rome she supposed, and opened the items and started eating them.

She looked up between bites to look at them and tucked her hair behind her ear, remembering that Beverly had asked her a question and was patiently waiting for a response, "The last thing I remember is going for a drive with my friend Marissa on September twenty-second… But the newspaper I picked up off the ground earlier said it's now October the eleventh?" She asked, frowning in confusion before drinking more orange soda.

"It's actually October the twenty-third." Will said quietly, the teen quickly turning to look at him. He was leaning against the wall ten or so feet away, sipping from a glass of what looked like three fingers of whiskey.

Drinking hard alcohol, more un-omega-like behavior.

"The newspapers stopped printing after the eleventh. Radio, television, and internet went dark on the eighteenth. By then, they were reporting that it had spread globally. There was nowhere to run. Nowhere to hide," Will had continued.

Abigail frowned more, "From what?"

"The virus." Beverly said as she sat down, opening a bag of Doritos and a can of Pepsi, "It's in the blood, and saliva. It's some kind of mutation of rapid acting rabies. Causes the pupils to constrict and sclera bloodshot-- that's how you can tell if someone is becoming infected. And you know you're infected because it feels like you're on fire. You have about twenty seconds before your coherent thought is permanently lost to the violence."

Abigail nodded, swallowing nervously.

"If you ever get bit, I will kill you." Will promises quietly, his blue eyes boring into Abigail's. She nods. "I expect you'll do the same in return."

"I will," she promises softly in return. Will stares at her for a moment but then looks away, staring into the distance for another moment before he throws back the rest of his drink and goes to the back of the store again.

Abigail turns to Beverly and whispers, "Is he always so intense?"

Brian snorts as Beverly opens her mouth to reply, "Yeah. He's got a stick up his ass. Maybe if he took a knot or two he'd relax." He sneered.

Beverly shoved him, "Hey! Don't be crude around the young lady."

Brian made a face and looked at Abigail, "Oh, come on! She's what, nineteen? I'm sure she's had comprehensive sex-ed about the secondary sexes by now." Brian laughs.

Beverly simply sighs in defeat when Abigail chuckles, shaking her head.

As Abigail ate, she thought of Marissa, and her parents, then looked to Beverly and Brian. "Can we stop by my house tomorrow? It's not far. I lived a mile from the hospital, we can make it by foot… I want to see if my parents are still there."

Beverly and Brian looked at each other hesitantly, then to her, Brian rubbing his neck. "I mean, if it's just a mile, sure. I guess so. We'll have to run it past Will in the morning, though. We do everything together, or not at all."

Abigail nodded and sighed, looking up to the ceiling as she ate another piece of beef jerky.

After they finish eating, they all head to the back of the store, where Abigail sees there is a small furniture section. Surprisingly, Will had made a small nest on a couch out of a pile of the store's for-sale blankets, and had curled up in fast asleep. It was the only omega-typical thing she had seen the man do.

Abigail watched as the other two made themselves comfortable as they laid on their own couches. The teen walked over to grab one of the blankets off a shelf then laid on a couch, turning a couple times to get comfortable. The exhaustion from earlier quickly caught up with her, and she fell asleep almost as soon as her head laid still on the couch pillow.

Chapter 2

Abigail startled awake to a hand shaking her shoulder gently, and when she looked up, piercing blue eyes were staring back at her. "Huh, what?" She asked in a sleep muddled haze.

"Come on, kid, it's time to wake up." Will said, pulling his hand away as Abigail nodded a bit, yesterday finally coming back to her. He handed her a can of Red Bull before walking towards the front of the store.

She rubbed her eyes for a moment as she sat up for a moment, blinking a few times. She then opened the energy drink and chugged as much as she could in one go, wrinkling her nose at the taste before taking a moment to breathe afterwards.

She looked around at the couches and frowned when she realized both Brian and Beverly were gone. She peeled the blanket off of herself and stood, finishing the energy drink before following Will to find the trio.

Beverly looked over to Abigail as she walked over and smiled at the teen, waving a little in greeting before taking a bite of a packaged pastry.

Zeller swallowed the beef jerky he was in the middle of eating-- if the bag in his hand was any indication of the food in his mouth-- and grinned at her, "Good morning, sleeping beauty!" He said, making Abigail blush a little in embarrassment for oversleeping.

"Morning everyone." She said sheepishly, tucking hair behind her ear. She walked past them to the food aisles, looking around for something to eat.

Will soon walked into the aisle beside her, pretending to look at the food for a moment but then spoke softly, his hands tucked into his armpits, "Bev said you wanted to go check out your house..."

Abigail had picked up a bag of caramel popcorn, holding it in both hands as she looked at Will, who still didn't meet her eyes, "Yeah. I just, I don't know." She shrugged, "I want to see if my mom and dad left me a note or something. So I can find them."

Will nods a few times, looking down at the ground while tapping the toe of his boot on the floor, then looks at her. He unfolds his arms to shove his hands in his pockets, "Eat. We'll leave when you're done."

Abigail nodded quietly, watching him walk over to the others. She then made her way to the drinks and grabbed a water bottle before walking back to the trio, sitting on the floor with them to eat quietly.

When they all finished, they all made their way outside. Brian sat on the curb while Beverly was locking up the store, Will turned to Abigail and handed her a machete of her own that had a belt clip attached to it's handle. It felt heavy in her hands, and her brow creased anxiously at the idea of having to use it.

"Hey." The omega said quietly, putting his hands comfortingly on her shoulders, "Hey now, look at me."

Abigail raised her wide, conflicted blue eyes up to meet his piercing blue gaze.

"You can do this. You're a survivor, Abigail. You do what you need to do. Alright? Even if it's your best friend. Even if it's your parents. Even if it's me. You do it, no hesitation. You need to survive this," He said.

Abigail swallowed and nodded.

Will smiled a little and squeezed her shoulder gently, before turning away and walking ahead of them. Abigail watched as Beverly jogged ahead to catch up with him, and though they were ahead of her by about five feet, she could hear their conversation easily.

"Feeling paternal all the sudden, Will?" Beverly teased, elbowing the omega playfully.

Will huffed and shoved her lightly, looking away. "Leave me alone. It's probably my preheat making me pack-bond to all of you."

"Preheat?" Beverly stopped walking suddenly, making Abigail and Brian stop too in surprise, though Will continued. "Will, what the fuck, I thought you had suppressants?"

Will simply kept walking, his tone surprisingly light despite the seriousness of the topic. "Yeah, I did. I ran out. I wasn't exactly expecting an apocalypse when I picked up my last refill. We need to raid the pharmacy two blocks from the Hobbs' place."

Beverly started jogging to catch up with him as she started to freak out, "Will, why didn't you say anything? If you go into heat, you'll be incompacitated for days! You'll compromise all of us!" She grabbed his elbow and stopped, forcing him to stop as well, "Will, fucking look at me, this is serious--"

"YOU THINK I DON'T FUCKING KNOW ALL THAT!" The omega shouted as he yanked his arm back from her grip, eyes filled with tears. He looked away, quiet for a moment as he blinked them back, before speaking calmly, "I have maybe three more days of preheat. The pharmacy is two blocks from Abigail's. So long as I get my prescription in my system tonight, everything's going to be fine. I won't go into heat. So. Just… Just drop it."

"You sure?" Beverly said, voice heavy with anxiety.

"Yes I'm fucking sure! I'm thirty eight; I've been dealing with heats, preheats, and suppressants since I presented when I was fourteen! I know how my body works at this point, Bev, just drop it!" The omega all but growled at her.

Beverly narrowed her eyes and pursued her lips but nodded, "Fine," she spat out, "But next time, you tell me ahead of time when you're running out of suppressants. Not any more of this last-minute bullshit."

Will nodded and started walking again, the other three following after a hesitating moment.

Brian sighed, rubbing the back of his neck awkwardly while he watched from the back of the group. "Omegas, sheesh. So high maintenance."

"Fuck off, Z." Will called back over his shoulder to the alpha from the front of the group, making Abigail chuckle.

After about forty minutes of walking, the little argument having delayed their travel a bit, they finally made it to Abigail's house. She looked at the building and it was exactly as she had remembered it. Her car wasn't in the driveway, which made sense given she had likely totaled it, but hope fluttered in her chest at seeing her parents' car.

She jogged ahead of the group up the walkway and tried the front door, smiling when it opened. She stepped inside and looked around, "Hello? Mom? Dad?"

Silence greeted her.

The trio followed after her quietly with their machetes out. Abigail walked quickly through the silent first floor, then started to quickly make her way up to the second floor.

She was halfway up the steps when the faint smell of decay hit her nose and immediately she froze where she stood, gripping the bannister with white knuckles, the smile falling from her face.

Will, with his keen omega hearing, had heard her stop suddenly on the steps from the other room and walked over to the bottom of the staircase, his sensitive omega nose immediately catching the faint scent even from there as he looked up to her with sadness, "Abigail?"

Abigail quickly shook her head, realizing he knew, and ran the rest of the way up while shouting down to him, "I'm fine! I can do it alone!"

Once upstairs, she paused, then followed the smell as it got stronger towards her parents' bedroom. Her eyes started watering as she stopped at their cracked open door, swallowing nervously before slowly pushing it open and walking inside.

They were lying on their bed, eyes closed, hands clasped together around a childhood picture of Abigail.

There was an unopened envelope with her name on it on the nightstand, underneath her mother's empty ambien prescription bottle. She picked up the envelope, placing the bottle gently back on the nightstand, and opened the letter.

"Abigail. We left you sleeping. Now we're sleeping with you. Don't wake up."

She pursed her lips and wiped her tears quickly as they started to fall. She shoved the letter back into the envelope roughly before putting it back on the nightstand where she had found it. She looked at them one last time before leaving the room, closing the door behind herself.

Abigail practically ran down the steps as she tried to hold back the tears, shoving past Will as she ran out the door. He quickly chased after her to the front step of the house and pulled her

into a hug, saying nothing. She struggled in his tight hold for a minute, hitting him several times, before breaking down into sobs and clinging to his shirt.

"Let it out," He soothed as he rubbed her back, "Just let it all out."

After several minutes, she pulled away with bloodshot and puffy eyes. Will smiled softly as he smoothed her hair, "Come on, let's see if we can get you more clothes from inside, then we'll go to the pharmacy, and then back to the shop, okay?" He squeezed her shoulders lightly.

Abigail nodded a bit, before leading the way inside. Beverly and Brian were sitting at the kitchen table looking bored out of their minds, but when Will and Abigail entered the room they both looked over.

"Everything good?" Beverly asked, looking between the two of them, wincing a bit when she looked at Abigail.

"Your parents, are they, ya'know…?" Brian asked, Beverly glared at him and kicked his shin under the table, making the man yelp in pain.

"Oh, they're dead." Abigail said, too emotionally drained from crying her eyes out with Will outside to care anymore.

Beverly looked at her sadly and nodded, "I'm sorry kiddo."

Brian nodded, "Yeah, same."

Abigail nodded quietly, then tucked some of her hair behind her ear, "I'm gonna get some clothes and then we can get moving."

She quickly went up to her bedroom, looking around nostalgically for a moment, before grabbing a small duffle bag out of the closet and going over to her dresser. She dug through the clothes and picked out the most weather practical pieces she could think of, trying to think ahead.

She looked around, then stopped when she saw the framed picture of her and her parents sitting on her nightstand. She went over and quickly grabbed it, putting it in the bag before leaving the room without a second glance.

She ran back down the steps then walked into the kitchen, where the trio were talking. Brian was the closest to the large window over the sink when something caught Abigail's eye. She didn't even have a chance to open her mouth when an infected came crashing through the window, knocking Brian onto the ground.

Will had immediately whipped out his machete and moved in between Abigail and the situation in the kitchen.

Brian was screaming as he tried to punch and kick the infected off of him, but the infected kept snarling and gruntinging and grabbing at him. Beverly eventually pulled the infected off

and hacked it's head off with her own machete, but as soon as she did all eyes were anxiously on Brian.

"Z…" Will said as he stalked over slowly, machete still brandished, his piercing blue eyes scanning Brian quickly as the man panted on the ground.

Brian held a wound on his arm that was bleeding profusely as he panted. He quickly looked up to Will with pleading eyes, shaking his head, "No. No no no, Will, please, wait…!"

Without another word, Will whipped his machete over his head and hacked it down into Brian, over and over and over as he screamed in agony. Abigail watched in horror, her hands over her mouth as she trembled.

Brian stopped screaming pretty quickly.

Will stood there when it was over, panting, refusing to make eye contact with either of the women. It was otherwise silent in the kitchen for several minutes until Beverly sighed heavily.

"Come on, we've wasted half the day already and we still need to get your suppressants," the older woman said quietly, stepping over and around the bodies on the floor as she walked out of the kitchen. As if one of friends hadn't just gotten mercilessly hacked to death with a machete by her other friend.

Abigail felt like her world just tilted on its axis.

Without any warning, she suddenly felt the food she ate this morning coming back up and immediately hunched over with her hands on her knees, vomiting.

This seemed to snap Will out of his trance, the omega quickly clipping the bloody machete back into its holster on his hip. He went over to Abigail's side and pulled her hair out of her face as she continued to empty the rest of her stomach onto the floor.

When she was done, she wiped her mouth on her sleeve and whispered out a raspy thanks as she finally stood upright again. Will sighed and nodded, the two of them following after Beverly out of the house.

The trio walked the two blocks to the pharmacy in a thick silence. When they arrived, Will opened the door for them and they went inside slowly and cautiously, the omega leading the way through, though all three of them had their machetes brandished.

They made it to the pharmacist counter and hopped over, the security gate long since broken by previous pillagers. Abigail didn't need anything herself, and she noticed that, while Beverly looked around curiously, she didn't touch any of the bottles either. It seemed like they were there for Will and only Will.

Eventually Will made it over to an aisle labeled 'suppressants' and he started looking carefully through the names on the bottles. After several minutes of searching, his anxious face melted into relief, and he started picking the bottles up. After a few minutes of checking

the expiration dates on several bottles, he pursed his lips, then shoved only four out of the dozens of bottles of that particular prescription into his bag and walked away to another aisle.

Beverly frowned, walking over and picking up one of the bottles that Will had left behind and frowned confusion, then looked at Will as she put the bottle down, "Hold on, you only took four bottles. That's only four months. There's dozens of them. What are you doing?"

"They're all going to expire in five months, Bev. They'll be useless." He said with a grim look on his face as he picked up other pill bottles and shoved them into his bag. "Like it or not, in five months, I'm going to go into heat."

Abigail and Beverly's eyes both widened at the statement, their jaws hanging open in shock.

"Hopefully I won't get beaten to death by the infected while I'm out of my mind, whining and writhing on the ground, begging for an alpha's knot," The omega spat out spitefully, clearly resentful of his secondary sex.

It was quiet for several minutes after that, as Will kept going through the aisles, picking out medications and shoving them into his bag. By that point, Abigail's curiosity won out and she went over to stand next to him.

"What other pills are you getting?" She asked softly.

"Well, first I grabbed some basics-- valium, ambien, and oxycodone. They're good to have in general." Abigail gave him a funny look and he chuckled, "Trust me, they'll come in handy one day; if they're not expired. When you need to calm a panic attack, or haven't slept in a week, or broke your arm; you'll thank me."

Abigail pursed her lips but nodded, "Okay. What else?"

Will frowned a bit, "I had auto-immune Encephalitis three years ago. It can relapse in situations of high stress, and I'd say this is pretty high fucking stress. Beverly knew me back then, so she should be able to help if I relapse. So, all I need to do is be ready for it…" He smiles grimly as he shakes a bottle of steroids before dropping them into the bag.

He then walks away from her and over to the shelves of antibiotics, grabbing multiples of everything and anything that hadn't needed to be kept cold. Fistful by fistful, into the bag it went.

By the time he was finished, he was barely able to zip his small duffle bag shut. He turned towards the two girls and smiled, patting the medicine duffle bag while his clothing filled book bag was on his back. "Alright, let's go."

Chapter 3

The trio had made it halfway back to the shop when Will stopped, turning his head in a different direction and listening quietly for a moment.

Abigail and Beverly saw him stop in front of them and frowned, looking at each other.

"Fuck. It's a herd." Will said and immediately grabbed Abigail's wrist before he took off running, dragging her behind him.

Beverly, meanwhile, had immediately cursed and started running on her own accord when she heard what Will had said

"What? What's a herd?" Abigail asked as she ran, barely keeping up with the two of them.

"Just shut up and run!" Beverly shouted.

They kept running in the direction of the shop until suddenly Will grabbed Beverly's wrist with his other hand and started leading them down a different street.

"Will, the shop's the other way!" Beverly cried out in frustration.

"Fuck the shop! There's several infected two streets ahead of us in that direction!" He said as he dragged them both as he kept running.

The sun was starting to set and Will was starting to panic. They had been running for several blocks now, and while Beverly and himself were used to it, Abigail had just gotten out of a coma a day ago and had also thrown up earlier. She was exhausted and he could smell it on her.

Will stopped and looked around, listening and panting slightly as Abigail tried desperately to catch her breath.

Suddenly Will's head whipped towards the high rises one block away, where in the middle of the building, one of the condos had white Christmas lights blinking in the window.

That most certainly was not there just a moment ago.

"COME ON!" Will said, grabbing each of their wrists and yanking them into a run again.

The three of them ran wildly down the street and into the condominium's lobby, where there were shopping carts completely obscuring the stairwell.

Will growled in frustration, but shook his head and started climbing, looking back at Abigail and calling down to her, "Just a little bit farther, come on."

The teen was still trying to catch her breath as she looked up at the carts, confused, "Will, where are we going? I don't understand."

Beverly shook her head as she started scaling the carts, quicker than Will, and once at the top she straddled one of them and reached a hand down, "Abigail, just come on! Didn't they teach you to trust an omega's instincts in sex-ed in school? They're supposed to rear the groups young and all that bullshit."

Abigail heard Will grumble loudly in annoyance about Beverly reducing him to being just an omega as Abigail bit her lip nervously, but then grabbed Beverly's hand. The older woman pulled her up quickly while Will gripped tight to one of the carts with one hand and shoved her foot up from underneath, giving her a surprising boost as he grunted from the effort.

Once the two women were at the top, Will smiled a little, then went back to climbing up as well as the other two made their way onto the steps below. Once the three of them were all on solid ground again, they all smiled at each other, before Will paused, turning his head to look back over his shoulder.

"We should keep going," Will pushed them gently, "The infected don't get tired like we do. Those carts won't hold them off for long."

Beverly and Abigail nodded, the three of them quickly making their way up the stairwell until they made it to the fifth floor, where someone was standing there in riot gear, shield and all.

Will quickly moved in front of them both, growling a bit, asking the person, "You turned your lights on for us. Why?"

"I was curious to see what you would do." The deep accented voice replied simply, not moving. The voice was unmistakably male, but riot gear was designed to contain scent. Even with Will's omega nose, he couldn't tell if the tall figure was alpha or omega, and it put him on edge.

Will growled more, getting angry, "So you're just playing with us? Wind us up and watch us go?"

The person in the riot gear tilted their head a bit, considering them, "Perhaps."

Will whipped his head suddenly, looking over the railing as several infected started to make their way up the steps. He looked back at the person in the riot gear, eyes wide with panic, "Please, they're coming!"

"So they are," the person in the riot gear said calmly then paused, "And I should let you in, because?"

Will snarled, unclipping his machete, "If you don't let us in willingly, I'll force our way in without you."

The person was silent for another terrible moment before chuckling, "What a curious omega you are. Condo five-hundred and seventeen, " he said, before stepping aside.

The trio ran to condo five-hundred and seventeen as the man in riot gear followed a few feet behind. Will tried the door and it was locked, immediately starting to bang on it.

"Where's my brother?" An accented teenage girl's voice called out from inside.

"Open the door!" The three all started screaming in different intervals.

"Where is Hannibal?" The accented teenage girl's voice called out again.

Will's eyes were tearing up as he heard the sound of the infected making it onto this floor. The hallway was long, but he could hear five of them echoing in that stairwell earlier. If this girl didn't open the security door--

"Mischa, my heart, open the door please." The accented voice in the riot gear said from behind the trio as tears started to roll down Will's cheeks.

Suddenly the door swung open into the condo, the trio tumbling onto the floor in a graceless heap with cries of surprise.

There was a deep accented chuckle as the door was shut behind the man, the sounds of several deadbolts engaging calmed Will's fears that the infected might get in.

And now that the fear had passed, Will was free to be angry.

"What the hell is your problem!" Will shouted as he pushed himself onto his hands and knees, snarling up at the tall man as he removed his riot helmet. It suddenly revealed a man with high cheekbones, amused amber eyes and blonde hair-- and as his scent wafted out of the riot gear, it curled sinfully around Will; he was an alpha, a rare, dominant alpha at that.

Blush dusted lightly on Will's cheeks as he looked away quickly, the alpha's scent starting to affect him and cursed the fact that he hadn't taken his suppressants earlier. "Bev! Do you have anything to drink? Quick, please?" He said, turning away from the man to sit cross legged as he unzipped his medication duffle bag and started digging through for his suppressants, other bottles and packages carelessly falling out in the process.

"I don't have anything, Will, I dropped the grocery duffle bag when you said there was a herd." The older woman said apologetically.

The man quietly had taken two steps to the side when Will turned his back to him, and raised a brow at the overflowing bag of medications. "Mischa, can you bring our guest a glass of water?"

Will doesn't even look up but hears light footsteps leading away then quickly returns, and looks up at the girl for the first time as a generous glass of water is held out to him. She's short and young, maybe sixteen or seventeen. She also has high cheekbones, amber eyes, and her blonde hair is long, falling in loose curls. Their resemblance is uncanny, but hadn't she said the man was her brother?

"Thank you, uh, Mischa, right?" Will said softly to her as he took the glass. The girl nodded with a smile then walked quickly over to the man's side, who put a hand on her shoulder.

Will looked back down to his bag and opened one of his suppressant bottles, ripping the security foil off with his small but sharp fangs and took out a pill before closing the bottle again. He put the pill in his mouth and downed it with a gulp of water before sighing.

"I assume you all just raided the pharmacy on Alabaster street for suppressants for your omega?" The man asked with a curious tone, then eyed the antibiotics, steroids, and valium that had fallen out of the bag onto the floor, "Among other things, as well."

Will shoved everything back into the bag quickly and looked over his shoulder with a glare, "What, did you ultimately decide to let us in because you caught a whiff of my preheat, and thought you were going to have an omega in heat all to yourself? Sorry to disappoint you, alpha."

The man narrowed his eyes at Will's mocking and angry tone, "As tempting as that fantasy is for most alphas, I prefer betas, if you really must know."

Will rolled his eyes, then looked at Abigail, who was still slightly panting as she laid on the ground while staring at the ceiling. "Hey, Abi, you okay?" He asked softly, brushing her long hair out of her face and off her neck, his demeanor changing instantly.

Abigail nodded a bit, looking up at him and licking her dry lips as she pushed herself to sit up. "Are you going to finish that water?"

Will chuckled, shaking his head as he handed it to her, then outright laughing as she quickly started gulping it down greedily. "Hey now! Not too fast, you'll choke."

Mischa and Beverly were both chuckling at Will and Abigail's exchange from their respective sides of the room.

Hannibal smiled, "Is she your pup?"

Both Abigail and Will startled at the question.

Will quickly shook his head as he blushed, stumbling over his words, "My pup? What? I-- No. I've never, I've never had any pups."

"He's not my omega parent. I was born to a beta mom and an alpha dad." Abigail quickly said at the same time as Will.

Hannibal raised a brow in amusement, smiling. "Well, regardless of actual familial bonds, I'm glad you two have found a relationship dynamic you apparently needed in these hard times. To be a motherless child is just as difficult as being a childless mother, but together, both can find peace."

Will and Abigail looked at each other and smiled quietly for a moment.

"A childless mother? I knew your biological clock was ticking, Will." Beverly snickered, tackling them both from behind as she nuzzled Will's cheek, making kissing sounds, completely ruining the otherwise sweet moment.

All three of the girls in the room started laughing while the alpha had a strained smile-- clearly not appreciating a joke that was made at his expense-- while Will groaned, rolling his eyes and shoving Beverly off them and onto the floor where she continued laughing.

"You're the worst, Bev." The omega sighed. Will paused, looking at the man, "Hey, uh, Hannibal, was it?"

The man nodded, "Doctor Hannibal Lecter, actually."

Will nodded a bit, "Doctor Lecter, then. I'm Will Graham. That's Beverly Katz and Abigail Hobbs," he said, pointing to each of them, then looking back at him, "Would you two mind if we stayed here for a few days? Until the herd passes and it's safe enough for us to return to our own setup?"

Hannibal nods, "But of course. In fact, I insist." He looks down to Mischa with a smile, "My dear, would you mind terribly bunking with the girls? You do have a queen bed. It will be tight, but I think you can manage. Will can stay in the spare room."

"Actually, what size is the bed in the spare? Will and I have known each other since we were preteens, we can share it if it's a full or bigger." Beverly suggested helpfully as she sat up, Will nodding in agreement.

Hannibal nodded with a smile, "It is also a queen, so it's settled. Now, you three can go put your things away and get comfortable, I'll put together dinner. It should be ready in an hour and a half." He turns to Mischa, "Mischa, my heart, can you go up the fire escape to the roof and bring down the rainwater collected from last night? There should be enough water up there to boil, for each of them to have their own bath tonight."

At the word bath, Will and Beverly both looked at Hannibal with wide disbelieving eyes, Will found his words again, "Wait, like, an actual bath? With hot water?"

Hannibal smiled sadly, nodding a bit, "Yes, Will."

"Holy shit," Beverly said with a laugh and a big smile on her face.

The alpha nodded, chuckling, "Indeed, Miss Katz." He turned and walked into the kitchen without another word, opening the cabinets and started to pull out ingredients for dinner.

Will and Beverly were grinning as they walked back to the spare bedroom, talking excitedly about their upcoming baths.

Abigail put her duffle bag into Mischa's bedroom and looked around, walking over to her dresser where there was a picture frame. She picked it up curiously, quickly recognizing Hannibal, though he looked maybe fifteen years younger in the photograph. The little girl on his hip must have been Mischa, barely a toddler at the time, and the happily smiling beta and alpha flanking his sides with strong resemblance to them both must have been their parents.

Abigail put the picture back down gently, then walked back into the living room. She was shifting on her feet awkwardly in the empty room before walking into the kitchen, the alpha

seeming to not notice her yet from behind, "Doctor Lecter? Do you need any help?"

He looked over his shoulder to her and smiled slightly, shaking his head, "No, thank you. But I would enjoy your company nonetheless. Please, sit."

Abigail nodded, going over to the island and pulled out one of the barstools, climbing onto it. "So, what are you a doctor for? Something cool? Or like, seventh grade chemistry?" She joked with a smile.

The alpha stopped what he was doing immediately, looking up to her, "Sixth grade biology, actually," he said with a deadly serious stare, and for a moment, Abigail said absolutely nothing as she stared down at the counter quietly, idly considering throwing herself out of the man's fifth story highrise window from embarrassment.

And then she hesitantly looked up again and his face split into a crooked grin, "I am a psychiatrist, Abigail. Before that, I was a resident E.R. neurosurgeon for roughly ten years. I hope those are 'cool' enough for your approval."

Abigail blinked in shock, her mouth hanging open slightly, before she broke out laughing so hard that her stomach hurt while tears ran down her cheeks, holding her stomach with one arm and quickly grabbing the the counter with the other hand when she felt herself wobble on the barstool.

He chuckled with her as he went back to cooking, "Forgive me, Abigail, I couldn't resist."

Beverly walked into the room, raising an eyebrow, "What's so funny?"

Abigail looked to Beverly, shaking her head and waving it off as she wiped the tears away, "I was being an arrogant jerk and Doctor Lecter put me in my place."

The alpha chuckled, then looking over his shoulder to Beverly, "Miss Katz, will dear Will be joining us soon?"

Beverly shook her head a bit, "It's the first time he's laid in an actual bed since this whole mess started. He's passed out."

Hannibal's eyes softened, nodding and turning back to the stove, "I see, well. There is still a half hour until dinner will be ready. Let the boy rest for now."

Beverly sat at the island next to Abigail at the island, looking around the condo in awe. "How is any of this even possible, Doctor Lecter? You have electricity for god's sake. Baltimore's power grid went black over a week ago."

Hannibal smiled smugly, "A simple matter of rewiring all of the building's solar panels on the roof into powering our one and only condo exclusively."

Beverly's eyebrows raised and she whistled, nodding, "Paint me impressed."

Abigail stood up and walked into the living room when she heard the window shut. Misha had brought down the buckets of rainwater, the living room now having six rows of three

five-gallon buckets that were all mostly full. Abigail blinked in surprise; she didn't think she would have been able to carry those heavy buckets very far, let alone down a ladder and in through a window.

"You're strong, Mischa." Abigail complimented.

The younger girl blushed and smiled as she wiped her face of sweat with her sleeve, "Thank you kindly, Abigail."

"Mischa, can you please set the table for me and start serving while I go get our last guest?" Hannibal called from the kitchen as he took off his apron and washed his hands.

Beverly stood from the island, "I can go get Will."

Hannibal smiled at her as walked past, waving her off, "Nonsense, I am the host. Please, sit. We both will return soon."

With that the man walked to the spare room where Will was sleeping and walked inside quietly, shutting the door behind himself before making his way across the room.

Hannibal sat next to Will on the bed and ran his fingers gently through the omega's hair, leaning down to say softly into his ear, "Will, it's time for dinner, you need to wake up now."

Will turned his head a bit and sniffed alpha's wrist in his sleep. He instinctively then tried to curl closer around the older man, his back warm against Will's belly. Hannibal raised a brow as Will also pressed his hips into Hannibal in his sleep, feeling a distinct growing stiffness in the omega's pants. The omega whined softly as he nuzzled his face into the alpha's thigh.

Hannibal chuckled a bit, shaking his head, "What am I going to do with you," he said with a sigh, before running his fingers through the omegas' hair again.

He let the sleeping man bask in his scent for a few more minutes, figuring that the omega probably never self-soothed with an alpha's scent while awake. The fact that he could see the disappearance of tension from the omega's body was quite the improvement, and Hannibal was sure Will would feel physically limber and relaxed later as a result.

The older man put his hand on Will's shoulder and shook him gently, "Will, it's time for dinner."

Will's eyes finally started to flutter open. While the omega was normally quick to wake, the combination of having been in preheat for a few days before starting suppressants again an hour ago, and now being surrounded by Hannibal's scent, had him drowsy. "What's going on…?" Will groggily asked as he looked around, mildly confused.

"It's time for dinner," Hannibal repeated softly as he once again ran his fingers through Will's hair, the sensation making Will close his eyes and turn his face towards Hannibal's wrist to breathe deep, scenting him once more, making Hannibal smile.

He had truly forgotten how much he liked omegas.

He pulled his wrist away, Will whining softly with a frown at the loss of the scent, then the younger man opened his eyes as he felt Hannibal's weight lift off the bed. "Come now, Will. Dinner will get cold if you continue to lay here."

Will blinked a few times as the distance between them allowed him to quickly grow more awake, starting to blush darkly in shame as he realized he had been nuzzling the older man's wrist to scent him, pressing himself against the alpha's body, and to make things worse had woke up with an erection that Hannibal had probably felt when he was pressed against him. Will was mortified at himself.

Will snarled and threw a pillow at the alpha in anger, "What the fuck. Get out! I'm not some needy omega for you to coddle and canoodle!"

Hannibal easily caught the pillow and chuckled, "Dinner, Will," he repeated one last time, before placing the pillow back onto the bed, "When you're done nursing your wounded ego, I expect for you to join us. Preferably soon," he turned away from Will and walked out of the room, shutting the door behind himself.

Will picked up the pillow and flopped back onto the bed, putting it over his own face before letting out a muffled scream of frustration.

Chapter 4

Will begrudgingly walked out of the hallway to the eat-in kitchen, pausing in the doorway between the two rooms for a few minutes, watching Hannibal quietly as everyone talked to each other as they ate their food and sipped wine. Three of the same bottle of wine were sitting on the table, two open and one waiting.

Hannibal was seated at the head of the table, Mischa to one side and a seat left empty for Will on his other side with a plate of food that had a cover over it and an empty wine glass. Beverly was next to the empty seat, and Abigail across from her beside Mischa.

There was no chair at the other end of the table, much to Will's dismay. Not that Will wanted to stare directly at Hannibal anyway.

Hannibal looked over to Will and smiled, "Will, thank you for joining us. Please, sit."

Will looked away with a huff and sat down, moving the cover off of his plate and stared down in surprise. Slices of roasted chicken with a cream sauce and roasted asparagus.

A far cry from the steady diet of pre-packaged junk food they had resigned themselves to eating at the shop, to say the least.

Will looked up from the food to Hannibal in disbelief as the man started to pour him wine, "I know you said you were cooking dinner, but this is amazing, Doctor Lecter..!"

Hannibal smiled, sitting the bottle down, "People usually compliment food after tasting it, but thank you all the same, Will. Now, please, eat before it's cold."

Will nodded a bit and cut into the chicken and took a bite, moaning a bit as he chewed, "Oh my god, Doctor Lecter, this is beyond," he said after swallowing.

Everyone around the table laughed, Abigail smiling happily before picking up her wine glass and sipping from it.

Immediately, Will waves his fork in her direction, "Hey! You're only nineteen! You shouldn't be drinking alcohol!"

Abigail rolls her eyes, "Oh, come on, Will! Doctor Lecter lets Mischa drink wine, and she's two years younger than me. And it's So. Good. You have to try it, Will!"

Mischa giggles before sipping her wine, looking back and forth between Will and Abigail.

Will purses his lips, picking up the glass by the stem, looking at the bottle as he mutters, "I'm more of a liquor guy so this will probably be wasted on me, but, I'll try it I guess." He took a sip, humming in pleasure. "Damn. What is that?"

Hannibal paused as he went to sip from his own glass, "Torbreck RunRig Shiraz-Viognier, 2013. Originally, they were over two hundred dollars a bottle. I usually save bottles of this value for more private affairs, but seeing as we have made new friends at the end of the world, I thought we should celebrate."

Will had been sipping his wine when Hannibal said how much the bottles cost and started to choke in shock. After he finally stopped coughing, He cleared his throat, his voice raspy, "I'm sorry, did you just say they're over two hundred dollars a bottle?"

Hannibal simply sipped his wine, his eyes gleaming with amusement.

Beverly laughed heartily, grabbing one of the open bottles and pouring herself another glass, "I like you, Doctor Lecter. You're a man of good taste."

Hannibal winked playfully to Beverly as he took another bite of chicken.

Soon everyone but Will had finished eating, Mischa standing and gathering the dirty plates and taking them to the sink. She had filled it earlier with rainwater from a bucket she had brought down so that she'd be able to wash everything.

Beverly finished her fifth glass of wine and excused herself from the table, bringing the wine glass to Mischa. She then walked into the living room, looking through the Lecter's bookshelf for something to read.

Abigail had followed after Mischa and started helping her wash the dishes. Will had paused eating to watch them from the table for a moment, listening to them quietly talk and giggle with each other. He smiled softly.

Hannibal had stayed at the table to keep Will company while he finished eating, looking over his shoulder to the girls and smiled before looking back to Will. "It's nice to see them happy," he said to the omega.

Will looked to the alpha and nodded, going back to eating his food. "You really don't have to stay here. I don't mind eating alone," Will said off-handed.

Hannibal smiled still, "I know I don't have to do anything, Will. I am exactly where I want to be."

Will looked at him for a moment then looked away, "Thanks," he said quietly, before finishing his food and his second glass of wine. He stood up, Hannibal standing as well and took his dirty plate, glass, and silverware. Will goes to argue, but before he can, the alpha is already halfway to the girls at the sink. Will sighs, rubbing the back of his neck.

Will had looked over to the stove, where there were four large pots of water that had just started boiling. Hannibal walked back over to Will, "Will, between the three of you, is there anyone in particular who usually falls asleep earlier?"

Will looked between the girls, "Abigail just woke up from a coma to this crazy world the other day. She's exhausted. Let her go first."

Hannibal paused and looked at the brunette teen in surprise, "I see. How is she adjusting?"

Will sighed, "As well as can be expected, considering one minute she was driving down the street with her friend in the passenger seat and the next minute, she wakes up in the middle of an apocalypse where her parents have killed themselves and she's more likely to get beat to death than live to see another day."

Hannibal nodded, frowning with a sigh. They were quiet as they watched the two teenage girls smile and giggle for a few minutes. Hannibal then looked to Will, "Would you mind helping me bring the water to the bathroom, Will?"

Will nodded, following Hannibal's lead and they both picked up a pot off the stove, carrying the boiling water down the hall to the bathroom. Hannibal put his pot on the floor for a moment as he plugged the tub, before pouring the steaming water in then leaving the room. Will poured his pot of water into the tub as well, then followed Hannibal back to the kitchen. They both carried another large pot of water to the bathroom and poured it into the tub, having filled it three quarters of the way with steaming hot water now.

Will and Hannibal went back to the kitchen, putting the pots on the ground. Hannibal had already started refilling the pots with more water, so Will went over to Abigail and tapped her shoulder.

She turned and smiled, "Hey Will! What's up?"

"Bath is ready, you're up first." He said with a smile.

Abigail nodded, Mischa grabbing Abigail's wrist, "Come on, Abi, I will show you which shampoo, conditioner, and bodywash are mine! That way, you will not end up smelling like my stinky alpha brother," they both giggled as they jogged down the hall.

Hannibal stood next to Will, laughing softly as he watched them disappear into the bathroom, looking at Will with amusement "Apparently, I am a stinky alpha."

Will smirked a bit as he looked at Hannibal with narrowed eyes, crossing his arms, "I mean, all alphas do have very distinct scents."

The amusement in Hannibal's eyes only grew as he raised a brow, folding his arms, "You didn't seem to mind my scent when you were half asleep and nuzzling my wrist earlier. In fact, you seemed to be quite affected by it, in more ways than one, if I remember correctly."

Will blushed, opening his mouth to reply when Beverly suddenly shouted from the living room, "I knew you guys were taking too long earlier! Abigail owes me a bag of Doritos!"

"You shut your mouth, Beverly!" Will shouted back at the woman in the other room, blushing even darker, both Beverly and Hannibal laughed heartily.

Will huffed, looking at Hannibal out of the corner of his eye before quickly looking away again. The man had been watching the clock on the wall with his hands clasped behind his back. Will rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly as time crept by slowly.

"Are you two making out yet?" Beverly shouted from the other room.

Will's eyes widened as he blushed darkly as Hannibal grinned widely at Will's reaction, "What! Beverly! No, we're not! Are you drunk?!"

"Maybe." She grumbled, then speaking up, "When can I take a bath, Doctor Lecter?"

"Abigail will likely be getting out soon, Miss Katz, I can't imagine the water is still warm by now." Hannibal called back to her, trying not to laugh.

Almost on cue, Abigail and Mischa came walking out of the hallway in pyjamas, a towel draped over Abigail's shoulders to catch the water dripping from her wet hair, "Bathroom's open!" Abigail said with a smile.

"Finally," Will grumbled, quickly going over to the stove and turning off the burners before grabbing a pot and heading to the bathroom.

Hannibal chuckled, shaking his head and followed suit. Soon the tub was filled with the four pots of water, and before Hannibal and Will could even leave the bathroom Beverly was walking into the room with her shirt in a ball in her hands while her book bag of clothes was hanging by one strap from the crook of her elbow. She grinned and threw the shirt at Will, who laughed and tossed it behind himself as he left the bathroom, in no more of a hurry than he had been before she had walked in.

Hannibal, on the other hand, when she had walked in with her bra exposed, had blush dusting his cheeks and politely averted his eyes as he followed Will out of the room, shutting the door behind himself. Once they were in the hall, he looked at Will and asked, "Is she always so, ah, comfortable? Or was that the wine."

Will chuckled, "Bev's just like that. She doesn't care. She's the kind to go skinny dipping when everyone else is still wearing swimsuits."

Hannibal nodded, humming, "I can respect that."

The two of them walked back into the kitchen and saw that Mischa had already refilled the pots with water and started them on the stove, and were now both sitting on top of the countertop hip to hip paining their fingernails.

Will smiled, then looked at Hannibal and he looked like his eyes were glossy with unshed tears as he smiled proudly. Will frowned a little in confusion, speaking softly, "Hey, everything okay?"

Hannibal blinked back the tears and chuckled softly, motioning for Will to follow him into the living room. Will looked back at the girls before following Hannibal, who sat on the couch with his hands folded in his lap. Will sat a comfortable distance from the alpha, mimicking his sitting position and bit the inside of his lip as he searched the older man's face.

"I was twenty-four years old when my parents had Mischa. She wasn't planned, but we all adored her. I had been a child prodigy, and had already been a resident ER neurosurgeon for

eight years when our parents died shortly after she turned three. I worked twelve hour shifts in the ER, while going back into education to get another doctorate, while raising a child alone, all so when I changed careers I could see her more, as she deserved."

Will listened quietly as Hannibal spoke.

"But as she grew, my dear sweet Mischa, my heart... She never bonded with anyone her own age. She only cared about me, no matter how many times I tried to encourage her to make friends. She simply didn't care. I was afraid she'd always be alone."

Hannibal sighed, then smiled at Will, "The end of the world seems to have been a blessing in disguise. It has brought Mischa her very first friend. I am forever grateful, Will."

Will smiled back, nodding, then looked away, "You seem to be pretty alone yourself, Doctor Lecter."

Hannibal tilted his head, "I'm as alone as you are, Will."

Will licked his lips nervously and looked back to Hannibal with piercing eyes. His hand moved to the couch in between the two of them, his body leaning slightly in towards Hannibal's direction, "We're both alone without each other…"

Hannibal nodded and leaned forward into Will's personal space, making heated eye contact for a brief moment under long blonde lashes before closing them, brushing his nose against Will's in a slight nuzzle, so close that when he whispers Will can feel Hannibal's lips ghost against his in a way that give him goosebumps, "Tell me, Will, do you want this? Or will you push me away again?"

"Hannibal, I…" Will whispers back, hesitating, his heart beating so incredibly loud and fast in his ears.

"You two are taking a long ass time to kiss," Beverly's voice teased from the doorframe between the living room and kitchen.

Will had quickly jumped back away from the alpha by a foot or two like some skittish animal, blushing deeply and looking away in embarrassment like a teenager getting caught doing something they know they shouldn't.

Meanwhile, Hannibal had simply sighed and looked down at the couch for a brief moment while clenching his fists before relaxing his hands and smiling to Beverly, "Miss Katz, how was your bath?"

"It was wonderful, Doctor Lecter, thanks. I'm going to turn in for the night. You boys don't stay up too late. Or do. I don't know. Follow your spirit," she teased with a wink and walked back out of the room.

Will huffed at her insinuation and stood up from the couch, refusing to look at Hannibal.

Hannibal stood as well and smiled tightly at the omega before starting towards the kitchen, "Let's get your bath ready."

Will frowned but followed him into the kitchen, where the alpha had already turned the burners off and was now heading into the hallway with a pot of steaming water. Will quietly picked up his own pot of water and followed after him. They filled the tub in silence, Will avoiding Hannibal's eyes when they were near each other.

Once they were finished, Hannibal held his hand out for Will's pot, which Will handed to him without a fuss. He then smiled at the omega, "You can use my toiletries if you'd like, though I will take no offense if you'd prefer to use Mischa's. I know omegas tend to have delicate senses, so if my prefered choices are too masculine I understand."

Will scoffed, rolling his eyes, crossing his arms, "There goes my favorite stereotype; omegas can bear children but not sire them despite having a dick, so they're basically women. Let me guess, Mischa's body wash smells floral and spring-like-- cherry blossoms, if I'm not mistaken-- while yours is sandalwood with citrus and clove." The omega huffed, "Thanks, but I'll pass on both. I have my own toiletries in my bag."

Hannibal nodded once, "Of course, Will. If you need anything, just a shout." He turned and left the room, closing the door behind himself.

Will stood there for a moment, biting the inside of his lip as he looked around, before sighing. He left the bathroom and went into the spare room quietly, where Beverly was fast asleep on one side of the bed. The omega grabbed his book bag then quickly went back to the bathroom, shutting the door behind himself.

The brunette opened his bag and took out his toiletries then opened a closet and took out a towel and washcloth, tossing the towel onto the sink, before walking over to the steaming tub. He put the bottles and washcloth on the edge of the porcelain and stripped before climbing carefully into the hot water, sinking down slowly with a wince. Once he was settled, however, he groaned softly as the hot water soothed his body.

After a few minutes of simply soaking with his eyes closed, he took the shampoo and lathered his hair, before holding his breath and dunking his head under the water to rinse it out. He then worked some conditioner into his hair, before taking the washcloth and reaching to grab his body wash.

All three of his products smelled like clean linens, which he had been using since he presented due to his sensitive nose often getting overwhelmed easily by the artificial scents they loaded into toiletry products.

But he hesitated when his hand neared his body wash, suddenly changing courses and closing around a black bottle a few inches away. He opened it and sniffed, smelling Hannibal instantly.

He bit his lip, looking at his bottle still sitting on the edge of the tub for a long moment, before pouring Hannibal's body wash onto his washcloth and lathering it. Without another moment of hesitation, he started washing himself as the scent of sandalwood citrus and cloves started to softly fill the air.

When Will finally finished, he rinsed the conditioner out of his hair then drained the tub. He climbed out carefully then grabbed the towel from the sink, smiling as he dried his body off with the soft fluffy towel. He then towel dried his hair the best he could and put the towel and washcloth into the hamper in the bathroom with the other used linens.

The omega went over to his book bag and pulled out underwear, jeans, and a teeshirt before starting to get dressed. He didn't have any actual pyjamas packed with him. An oversight, maybe, but he was packing for practicality and just didn't have the room for small comforts like that.

The fact that he even brought his toiletries was because his sense of smell was too sensitive to forgo even his own hygiene for too long, even if it meant standing outside naked when it was raining now that running water was a thing of the past.

He looked at the tub and smiled a little, then looked away, his smile slipping into a frown.

What the hell was he doing?

He shouldn't get comfortable. If there was anything he learned growing up bouncing from place to place with his dad before the Katz family took him in after his dad died, you just can't get comfortable.

As soon as the herd was gone, the three of them were heading back to the shop. Back to the cheap couches, pre-packaged junk food, the lack of electricity and steaming hot baths. They were doing fine before the Lecters, they'll continue to be fine after them.

Will put his toiletries back in his book bag and zipped it up before walking out of the bathroom, shutting the light and leaving the door cracked open behind him. He went into the spare room and dropped his bag next to Beverly's before sitting on the bed.

The woman turned over to face Will and opened one eye, sniffing a little as she looked at Will with narrowed eyes, a small smirk on her face, "You smell like him."

He sighed and half glared as he looked over his shoulder at her, "Shut up, I just used his body wash. It's not what you think."

"I'm not thinking anything, just stating a fact, buddy," she chuckled, before closing her eye again and snuggling into the blanket more, "If you're going to stay up, you might as well go see if he's still up. Let him smell you while the scent's still fresh, drive him crazy," she was mumbling by the end, falling back to sleep.

Will sat there quietly in the dark room for several minutes, debating with himself, wringing his hands nervously and worrying the inside of his lip.

Fuck it.

He got up and left the room, closing the door quietly after himself. He walked down the hallway into the dark and empty kitchen, then into the equally dark living room and nearly

pouted in disappointment. It was late, after all, he shouldn't be surprised everyone had turned in for the night.

He walked back down the hall, first passing the closed door to Mischa's room where his sensitive hearing could pick up the sound of a muffled conversation, then past the closed door to the spare room where Beverly slept, past the cracked open door to the bathroom, before stopping at the final bedroom door. The brunette hesitated for a moment, before knocking gently.

"Come in," Hannibal said through the door.

Will bit his lip but opened the door halfway, taking a step into the doorway before stopping himself, looking up at Hannibal who was sitting up in bed with his back against the headboard. He had turned on a lamp on his nightstand so they could see each other, and was wearing black silk button down pyjamas. His blankets pulled up over his lap, his hands folded together resting on top, "How was your bath?"

Will ran the hand that wasn't still holding onto the doorknob for dear life through his still slightly damp curls, smiling slightly as he spoke softly, "Wonderful. I haven't washed in hot water in two weeks now, and even besides that, I hadn't taken an actual bath since I was a really little kid. So… That was really, really nice. Thank you."

Hannibal nodded, tilting his head as he narrowed his eyes, "Those are street clothes. Do you not have sleepwear, Will?"

Will frowned and shook his head, looking away, "I didn't exactly think I'd be sleeping in a bed anytime soon, so I only grabbed durable clothes."

Without saying a word, Hannibal peeled the blankets off his lap and climbed out of bed, drawing Will's attention and confusion as the man went over to his dresser.

"Doctor Lecter?"

The alpha opened a drawer and pulled out a button down navy blue silk shirt and matching pants, before walking over to Will. He had initially stopped about a foot away from the omega and held out the sleepwear, Will reaching out to take it. But after a second of being close enough to faintly smell the younger man, the alpha tilted his head and frowned a little as he blinked in surprise. He then takes another bold step closer into the omega's personal space and outright sniffs near the omega's neck, before politely stepping back, a small knowing smile having creeped onto his face.

Will's eyes were wide as he made eye contact, blushing, knowing he was caught.

"It appears you decided to use my body wash after all," the alpha said, the smile on his face only growing, clearly pleased at this revelation.

Will swallowed, looking away with a frown as he yanked the sleepwear out of Hannibal's hands, talking quickly, "It was a dumb impulse, I don't even know why I did it. It doesn't mean anything, so don't go psychoanalyzing it. The three of us are still leaving as soon as the

herd is gone. If you get attached that's your own fault. It's the end of the world. It's not like people can afford to fuck and fall in love and be happy. That shit doesn't happen anymore. That world is gone."

Hannibal tucked his finger under Will's chin and made the omega look at him again, "You're a very curious omega, Will Graham. All those powerful instincts, raging inside of you, but you're determined to ignore them and be alone. You don't have to keep punishing yourself for presenting omega, cunning boy. It's okay to embrace your nature."

Will's sharp blue eyes were searching Hannibal's, his distraught painted so clearly upon his face. Hannibal moved his finger from under Will's chin to stroke the omega's cheekbone gently, before cupping the man's cheek in his hand. Will couldn't help but lean into the touch, looking down for a moment before looking back up to Hannibal.

The alpha simply smiled then leaned in, both closing their eyes as he did, pressing his soft lips to Will's chapped ones gently.

When he pulled away, Will's eyes fluttered open. He blushed and swallowed nervously as he licked his lips and looked up to Hannibal.

Hannibal chuckled and kissed the omega on the forehead, "Go change, get some rest. I shall see you in the morning."

Will pursed his lips, not wanting to leave this moment quite yet, but nodded and turned away, "Good night, Hannibal."

"Sweet dreams," The blonde had said in return just before Will closed the door behind himself.

Will walked silently back to the spare room and went inside, closing the door behind himself. He changed into the silk sleepwear, before slipping under the covers beside a softly snoring Beverly.

He sighed as he stared up at the ceiling, waiting for sleep to claim him.

Chapter 5

When Abigail woke to the smell of bacon cooking in the morning, she couldn't help but smile. The brunette yawned as she stretched, sitting up in the bed, looking over to Mischa who was lying on her stomach beside her still as she read a book.

"Good morning, Abi. How did you sleep?" Mischa asked, tucking a bookmark in and closing the book as she looked at her.

Abigail smiled, pulling her knees up and wrapping her arms around, "Good. Your bed is so soft! Way more comfier than my old bed, or that couch at the shop."

Mischa chuckled and smiled, "Brother spoils me. He has always felt such guilt for when I was little and he could not always be around, so he gives me the world. I tell him, it is too much, but he insists."

Abigail nods, "Hey, so, your accents, where are they from?"

Mischa blushes a bit, "Lithuania. I picked it up from Brother. He was born there, but he said they ran to America in 1986 because the teachers were realizing how clever Hannibal was, and they did not like people who stood out," she paused, "I do not remember Motina and Tevas, but Hannibal had made sure that the first language he taught me was their native tongue, so I would always have a part of them with me."

Abigail smiled, then paused, "Wait, first language? How many do you know?"

"Three, fluently. Lithuanian, English, and French. Hannibal had just begun teaching me Italian when the world stopped spinning," Mischa said with disappointment, Abigail nodding quietly.

There was a knock on the door. "You may come in," Mischa called out.

The door opened and Will leaned on the frame, "Good morning, girls. Hannibal said to get you two for breakfast."

"Hannibal?" Abigail raised a brow, "Are you on a first name basis with Doctor Lecter already?"

Will huffed, crossing his arms, "Not you too, Abigail."

Mischa got out of bed and walked around to the dresser where she grabbed a brush and started running it through her curls as she turned to look at Will, "I do not understand why you are being so difficult. If you like my brother, you should stay. We have the room for all of you. It would be like a never ending sleepover." She finishes brushing her hair and puts her hands on her hips.

Abigail laughed, she had been looking at Mischa while the younger girl was talking but now looked back at Will, "I'm sure you'd love a never ending sleepover, snuggled up next to Hannibal instead of Miss snores-a-lot Katz, huh, Will?" She said, giving Hannibal's name a teasing tone while wiggling her eyebrows.

Will groaned as he covered his eyes, his face bright red, "Oh my god, I can't with you two. Breakfast, pronto," he says, shutting the door behind himself as he leaves.

Abigail and Mischa grinned to each other as Abigail got out of bed, Mischa passing her brush to the brunette who took it and quickly ran it through her hair as she turned to look in the mirror before stopping with a frown, slowly stroking the large scar on her neck that she didn't remember having before.

Mischa looked to her curiously, tilting her head, "Is everything alright, Abi?"

Abigail looked to Mischa then back to her reflection, running her finger up and down the diagonal scar, "Uh, yeah, I guess… I was in a coma until a few days ago, I woke up in the hospital… I don't really remember what happened; I think I was in a car accident? I didn't have this scar before. It must have been from the accident, I guess."

Mischa nodded, then smiled, "Well, I think it is a very spectacular look. Like kintsugi pottery!"

Abigail frowned, looking at her again, "Kin… What?"

Mischa giggled, "Kintsugi! Brother is very fond of it, he has a beautiful bowl from the Shogun period of Japan in his bedroom! Though I am doubtful he will let us near it… It is when shattered pottery is formed back together with urushi lacquer and gold powder."

Abigail nods, smiling a bit, "That sounds cool," she looks back to the mirror, "Sealed back together with gold. I can dig it."

There was another knock on the door and it opened before the girls could answer, Beverly sticking her head in, "Hey, are you two coming or not? Will's threatening to eat your share of the eggs!"

Mischa's eyes lit up, "Brother made eggs today?" She looked to Abigail, grabbing her wrist, "Come on, Abi, let's go!" She said, pulling the other girl along as the brunette laughed. Beverly smiled as she quickly stepped out of the girls' way while they ran out of the room and down the hall to the kitchen, giggling as they took their seats with excitement. They started grabbing at the bacon and bread immediately with big smiles.

Will looked at them with exasperation, "Finally, I thought you two were never going to join us." Hannibal chuckled as he started to serve Will eggs, to which Will looked at him in surprise with blush dusting his cheeks, "Uh, thank you."

Beverly sat down and grabbed a few pieces of bacon and a piece of the fresh baked bread that Hannibal had made that morning, grabbing a jar of preserves on the table to smooth onto the bread.

After Hannibal had served himself eggs he handed the serving spoon to Mischa, scooping some onto her plate before handing the spoon off. Hannibal and Will grabbed bread and bacon, their hands accidentally going for the same slice of bacon at one point. Will pulled back and blushed, looking away and mumbling an apology under his breath. Hannibal simply smiled and put that piece of bacon onto Will's plate, anyway, before getting a different piece for himself.

Abigail looked at Hannibal then Will, then back to the alpha again as she chewed a piece of bacon thoughtfully, then swallowed, "Hey, Doctor Lecter?"

Hannibal had been about to eat some eggs but lowered his fork instead, "Yes, Abigail?"

"Can we stay with you guys? Like, long term?" Abigail asked, then quickly added, "Mischa suggested it,"

Will's jaw dropped, "Abigail!"

Hannibal had blinked in surprise but quickly recovered with a warm smile, looking at Will and Beverly, "I would be more than happy if the three of you stayed, and I have a feeling my sister would, too."

"Hannibal, we can't, no," Will protested, turning in his seat towards him, "We can't take advantage of you like this. It would be a strain on your supplies!"

Hannibal shrugged nonchalantly, still smiling, "From my estimation, our food supplies in our deep freezer and pantry should be able to last the five of us another month at minimum, or a month and a half if we eat small portions. However, if you are that concerned, we can go on a pantry run tomorrow when the herd has passed," he then looked to Will with a challenging gleam in his eyes.

Will was opening and closing his mouth for a moment, before turning around to face Beverly, "Bev! Back me up! We can't stay!"

Beverly had a mouthful of bread with preserves smeared on the corner of her mouth and shot Will a heated glare, holding her index finger up in a 'one moment' gesture as she finished chewing then swallowed, wiping her mouth on a napkin before speaking, "I'm with the kid on this one. Sleeping on cheap couches sucks, Will! My back hurts! And I love living off Doritos and Redbull as much as the next thirty-seven year old, and by that I mean if I never eat another bag or drink another can at this point, it'll be too soon!"

Will groaned in frustration, folding his arms on the table and laying his head on them, "Come on, guys…"

Beverly rubbed his back with a sigh, "No, you come on, Will. We've been down this road before and you know it. What did my mom say that night?" When Will didn't answer, she tugged his ear.

He sat up, wincing, "Ow, fine. It's okay to do what you want, and it's okay to embrace change."

Beverly smiled at Will, nudging his shoulder with hers, then looked to Hannibal, "If you'll have us, we'd love to stay, Doctor Lecter."

Hannibal nodded, a pleased look on his face, "Good. Now, finish eating your breakfast, before it gets cold."

Beverly grinned and took a big bite of what remained of her bread, while Will sighed and went back to eating his eggs.

When they all finished, Abigail and Mischa collected everyone's plates and utensils, taking them to the sink to clean. Beverly announced she was heading to the spare room to change and walked into the hallway.

Hannibal went into the living room, Will following him curiously. The older man was standing in front of their book shelf, Will walking over and standing next to him to look over the titles. While about a third of them were in English, the rest were a mix between Lithuanian, French, Italian, and Spanish.

"You know a lot of languages, I see," Will commented, picking out a French poetry book.

"A way to pass the time," Hannibal said, looking at Will curiously, "Do you speak French?"

Will made a face as blush dusted his cheeks, shaking his head a little as he looked down at a page, "Er, not really? When my dad was alive, we bounced around Louisiana for a few years when I was little. While we were there, we stayed in the same social circles somehow. The family I'd stay with when he couldn't take me with him on the road almost exclusively spoke Creole when at home. It's mostly French, but not quite. And anyone who speaks traditional French seems to think I sound like an idiot."

Hannibal softened, "But traditional French speakers do understand you?"

Will pauses, frowning, "I mean, I guess? I can certainly understand them for the most part, at least. But they're always so busy commenting on how I'm 'saying things wrong' or how my 'accent and dialect are terrible' because they mistake me for speaking French, when French is actually a separate parent language. So I get frustrated with them, and go back to struggling with their broken English instead."

Hannibal chuckles, looking back to the book shelf, "Fitting punishment for not being grateful for your efforts at communication." Will chuckles as he nods, closing the book and putting it back on the shelf. Hannibal looks to him again, "What did you do before all this, Will?"

"I taught profiling and forensic classes for the FBI at Quantico," the omega said offhandedly.

Hannibal paused, "So, you are in fact the same Will Graham who wrote The Standard Monograph on Time of Death by Insect Activity, then. Should I be calling you Doctor Graham?"

Will chuckled, looking down shyly, "No, you shouldn't. I'm not an entomologist, it was just a master thesis that got a lot of traction…" He paused, frowning as he rubbed the back of his

neck, "I was trying to get into the FBI. But they uh, they don't take omegas. Betas are fine, but… Our heats make us 'too unstable'. They told me after I applied to the academy," he looked down, clearly still sore about it, "But apparently, teaching their recruits is perfectly fine, so long as you wear scent blocking spray so you're not 'a distraction' to your alpha students."

Hannibal was silent for a moment as he looked at Will, before looking back to the bookshelf, speaking softly, "A waste of your potential. I'm truly sorry, Will."

Will nodded, speaking softly as well, "Yeah, me too," he picked up a blue and gold paperback book, raising a brow at the title and looking at Hannibal with a small smirk, "The Song of Achilles?"

Hannibal looks to Will with amusement, "An adaptation of the Iliad, retelling the romantic but tragic relationship of Patroclus and Achilles. It's a decent evening read."

Will chuckled, "I heard it has some erotic scenes in it. I was surprised that you have it just sitting out on your bookshelf for anyone to grab."

Hannibal gave a slight shrug, folding his hands together behind his back as he looked at the books again with a smile, simply stating, "I do believe I said it was an evening read."

Will laughed, shaking his head as he put the book back, "Maybe I'll read it later tonight," he said, before picking out a red and black hardcover book.

Hannibal looked over, "Cicero's Rhetorica ad Herennium, translated to english by Harry Caplan. I highly recommend it."

Will looked at him briefly before looking back down to the book, then walked over to the couch and sat down, opening the book.

Hannibal watched Will with a small smile then picked up an old, maroon hardcover book with gold lettering, going to the couch and sitting a polite few inches away.

Without looking up from his reading, Will shuffles on the couch next to Hannibal so he's curled up against the older man's side, his legs curled up on the couch underneath himself, squirming for a moment before settling in.

Hannibal smiles fondly down at the omega before putting one arm around the younger man's shoulders and opens his book with his free hand carefully, the bookmark he had left it before thankfully assisting him in finding his page.

"What're you reading?" Will asks curiously as he reads his own book, not looking up.

"A first edition of The Divine Comedy by Dante, a personal favorite. It was a present for graduating medical school from my mother and father."

Will looked over to the old book in hand, then up at Hannibal, "When did you and Mischa lose them?"

"I was twenty-seven, but poor Mischa was only three. Sadly, she does not remember them," he looked down to Will, "When did you start living with the Katz family?"

Will wrinkled his nose, "I never knew my omega parent. Dad said he left a couple weeks after I was born premature. I guess he wasn't the child-rearing type," Will paused, "Dad tried his best, but we were poor. Hopped around boatyards and trailer parks doing odd jobs and fixing things, never staying anywhere for more than a few months. Couldn't afford it."

He pauses again, frowning, "When I was twelve, we moved to Virginia. I met Beverly in school; she was the only friend I made in the nearly two months I had been there, and only because she kept putting the effort into it. I was so used to moving at that point, I didn't even try anymore. She was the oldest of five kids, so they already had a full house when my dad had a heart attack and died, but Mrs. Katz didn't care. She dried my eyes at the hospital and said, 'let's go home.' That was that."

He was silent for a few minutes before continuing, "Beverly and I both went into forensic science at the same college and grad schools, and both got our own apartments in Baltimore after we graduated with honors… We both applied to the FBI at the same time. I got turned down, and she became a crime scene investigator. Then she talked me into becoming a professor, to spite them."

Hannibal nodded, kissing Will's temple, "I'll have to thank Beverly later for all of her persistence over the years. She's taken very good care of you."

Will smiled softly, looking up to look at Beverly as she talked to Mischa and Abigail animatedly in the kitchen, the younger girls laughing, talking softly so only Hannibal heard him, "Yeah, she really did. I love her so much."

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

> As a heads up: there is a short, non-explicit NSFW at the end of this chapter. I did not feel it was detailed enough to justify a rating change. But if someone disagrees, please let me know.

Hannibal and Will read all afternoon, Beverly eventually joining them, laying her head in Will's lap while she read her own book. Will smiled and ran his fingers through her wild hair absently as he continued reading.

Eventually, Hannibal kissed Will's head before closing his book, pulling away from the two and standing. He stretched a little before walking over to the book shelf and tucking the book back into its proper place, then walked into the kitchen to start working on dinner.

Beverly watched him go then looked up to Will with an impish smile, laying her book open on her chest to hold her place, "You two seem cozy?"

Will blushed but pointedly kept his eyes on his book for a quiet moment, before looking up at Hannibal in the kitchen nervously, speaking quietly, "If we're staying… Maybe, we'll… I don't know, Bev… I've never dated an alpha."

Bev nodded, "I know, Will. But dating betas and other omegas never went anywhere for you. Maybe this will."

Will made a face and looked away, "That's not fair, things were serious with Molly."

Beverly rolled her eyes, "Yeah, until she told you that she wanted to look at 'options' for having kids. May I remind you that the first thing she suggested was just sleeping with an alpha that looked like you while she was ovulating," Will winced, but she continued, "Honestly, I don't know why she started dating you-- and had the nerve to be your fiance for a year-- if she wanted biological kids. She KNEW you were an omega when she met you."

Will sighed heavily, gently, "Don't be mad at Molly, Bev."

Beverly huffed, "Who cares, she's probably dead anyway. I'll be mad all I want, thanks!" She looked at Hannibal in the kitchen, "It's the end of the world, Will. You might die tomorrow when we go on that pantry run. You should go out knowing what it's like to have a tumble at least once with an alpha," she looked up to Will with a grin and winked.

Will's face immediately grew bright red and he shoved her off his lap to the floor with a loud 'thump' as he stood up, groaning, "Beverly, please!" The woman cackled as she laid on the floor, wiping a tear from the corner of her eye.

"Is everything alright in here?" Hannibal said with a concerned look as he stood in the doorway, an apron around his waist and a bowl curled in one arm while he stirred whatever was inside with a spoon.

Beverly sat up on the floor, cross legged and holding her ankles, smiling to the alpha, "Just trying to talk sense into Will. You know, the usual," Will rolled his eyes.

Hannibal looked between the two with a raised brow and a smile, "I will defer to your judgement, Miss Katz," before turning back into the kitchen.

Beverly grinned at Will as he huffed and left the living room, walking into the kitchen and leaning against a counter a couple feet away from Hannibal and folding his arms in front of himself as he watched the alpha quietly as he cooked.

Some time later, Hannibal looked to Will under his lashes as he started to turn the burners and oven off, "Will, would you mind getting the girl and Miss Katz for dinner?"

Will nodded, going back into the living room and shaking Beverly, who was laying on the couch with her book on her face as she softly snored. Once he told the woman it was dinner time, he crossed back through the kitchen and walked into the hallway before knocking on Mischa's door.

Abigail opened it, looking at Will, "Is it dinner time already?"

Will nodded, "Yeah, can you let Mischa know, please?"

Abigail nodded and shut the door again.

Will walked back into the kitchen, where Hannibal was putting a glass baking dish of sliced marinated pork loin onto a cork trivet in the center of the table. There were already serving bowls of cut corn and mashed potatoes waiting on the table, and two identical wine bottles as well.

Will sat as Beverly walked over with a bottle opener and uncorked one of the two wine bottles then began pouring her glass as she sat, before pouring Will's glass as well. Abigail and Mischa took their seats, Beverly passing the bottle of wine across the table to Abigail.

Hannibal returned to the table to sit after putting his oven mitts back on their respective hooks and hanging his apron. The alpha smiled at them, and everyone started serving themselves.

Will moaned a bit at the flavor of the pork, causing everyone to chuckle. Beverly looked to Will with an amused smile, "You're acting like you've never had a home cooked meal before, Will."

Will huffed, smiling as he shot her a look, "As much as I appreciated what your mother did for me all those years, she couldn't cook. And you know for a fact that neither can either of us. Before that, it was instant noodles with Dad."

Beverly laughed, "Yeah, you're right."

The rest of the dinner passed uneventfully, with the exception of Beverly once again drinking more than her fair share of wine of course. Abigail and Mischa collected all of the dirty dishes and utensils, while Will followed after with their glasses.

Beverly looked at Hannibal motioned for the alpha to follow her as she walked into the living room while Will talked to the girls as they washed the dishes. Hannibal had raised a curious brow, but followed the beta.

She stopped in front of the window that led out to the fire escape, looking out at the setting sun as she crossed her arms, "So, you and Will."

Hannibal stopped about a foot and a half behind her, tilting his head as he watched her face and folded his hands together behind his back, "He's an interesting man. I find myself quite taken by him, despite only knowing him for two days."

Beverly pursed her lips, "Do you actually like him, or is this one of those 'love the one you're with' situations?" She looked at him finally, "Be real with me. Because if that's what this is, we can go. I know I talked him into staying, but I can undo that with half the effort, I promise you."

Hannibal softened, nodding once, "I understand, Miss Katz. Will has intrigued me since he brandished his machete and threatened to hack his way into this condo to save your lives. His anger and sass draw me in, so atypical for an omega; but I am also drawn to his softer side as well, the one he seems so resistant to embracing."

Beverly narrowed her eyes, searching his face, "Okay. But if you hurt him, Doctor Lecter, I'll make it look like an accident."

Hannibal smiled fondly, "I'd expect nothing less, Miss Katz."

Beverly nodded, then looked over the alpha's shoulder and smiled, "Hey, Will."

The blonde half turned towards the younger man and smiled, "Hello, Will. We were just discussing you."

Will raised an eyebrow as he stopped a foot away, "Only good things, I hope?"

Beverly shrugged, "You could say that," she looked at Hannibal then back to Will, "I'm going grab a book and head to our room. Will, think about what I said earlier," she said with a mischievous smirk as she walked past the omega. She picked a book off the shelf quickly then walked out of the room.

Hannibal had looked at Will with a raised brow, Will blushing as he waved off what Beverly said, mumbling, "Don't ask."

Hannibal nodded once, "As you wish," he paused, "Will, I wanted to speak with you for a moment about tomorrow. I have decided that I will do the pantry run after we wrap up breakfast. I ask that you and your pack stay behind with Mischa. If anything happens, and I don't return, at least she will not be alone."

Will was making a face and had his hands on his hips by this point, "Are you finished?" When Hannibal's mouth opened in surprise but he didn't speak, Will nodded, "Okay, it's my turn then. That plan's not happening, Hannibal. You're not leaving us behind to go off alone; there's strength in numbers, and my heightened senses are an invaluable asset in detecting and avoiding the infected. Besides, what if just the three of us have to make the choice between survival and returning to the condo; what happens to the girls without us? No. It's not happening. We all go together, or we don't go at all. That's final," he finished, crossing his arms.

Hannibal was quiet for a moment, Will's piercing blue eyes unwavering as they stared fiercely into his amber ones, before the alpha chuckled, "Of course, Will… I'm not sure what I expected, if I'm being perfectly honest."

Will searches the older man's face for another moment, looking for falsehood but finding none and relaxes, a soft smile forming on his face. He stepped into Hannibal's personal space, placing his hands on the alpha's chest and kissed his cheek, "Thanks."

Hannibal smiles as he places a hand on the small of Will's back, "We might have a long day tomorrow. I hope you take no offense when I suggest that you turn in early for the night."

Will gives him a teasing look as he chuckles, "Oh, I am very offended, how dare you," he pulls away.

"Have a good night, Will," Hannibal said with a smile as the younger man turned away and started walking towards the doorway.

"Mm," Will hums as he goes, not looking back.

Hannibal furrowed his brow at Will's lack of a response but let it go and turned back to look out the window with a sigh, the sky having quickly grown dark. He stared up into the stars quietly for a while before deciding to head to bed for the night as well. The blonde shuts the lamps in the living room before going into the empty kitchen and shutting that light as well.

He made his way down the dark hallway to his room, pausing and frowning in confusion when he saw light coming out from under the door. He opened the door curiously, only to see Will laying in the bed under the blankets on the side closer to the door.

The omega was blushing as he pushed himself back up on elbows, biting the inside of his lip nervously, "I wanted to stay with you tonight… If that's okay, of course. If it's not, I can… I can, uh, go…" He looked away.

Hannibal blinked in surprise for a moment, before smiling happily and walking in and shutting the door behind himself, "It would be my pleasure to have you stay with me tonight, Will," the man walked over to his dresser and took out sleepwear and paused, looking back to the omega, "Would you mind if I changed? I can go into the bathroom instead, if you'd prefer."

Will blushed more, shaking his head and still didn't look at the older man, "No, it's your own room. Go for it."

Hannibal nodded and changed quickly, dropping his button down shirt and slacks into a hamper next to his dresser before walking over to the empty side of the bed and getting under the covers. He turns out the light.

For a few moments, it's quiet except for their breathing. Will turns on his side to face Hannibal, who he hears turn to face him as well.

"What made you want to join me tonight, if I may be so bold as to ask?" Hannibal whispered into the darkness.

Will swallowed nervously, hesitating before whispering back, "I've never dated an alpha before. I was wondering if you wanted to, uh… But we don't have to…"

Hannibal blinked in surprise but then smiled, reaching out carefully to Will's figure in the darkness to run his fingers into the omega's hair, "We can do whatever you would like, Will. You only need to ask."

Will bit his lip, then moved closer to Hannibal so they were pressing close as Will nuzzled into Hannibal's neck, Will's hands on Hannibal's chest as the blonde put an arm around the omega. The brunette whispered, "You don't think less of me for moving so fast?"

Hannibal shook his head, "Not at, Will. Tomorrow is never promised, now more than ever. We should indulge in the things we want, that make us feel good and make us happy." He put a finger under Will's chin and tilted his face up to kiss him on the lips.

Will kissed back softly at first, his hands sliding up to wrap around Hannibal's neck as he nipped Hannibal's bottom lip. Hannibal gasped softly and licked into Will's mouth, deepening the kiss as he turned Will onto his back. The alpha's large warm hands slipped under Will's shirt to slide up his sides, making the omega shiver and whimper into the kiss as he spread his legs to make room for Hannibal. The alpha had laid between them, grinding his hips down against the younger man's as he growled into the kiss.

The darkness quickly filled with sighs, groans, moans, growls, and whimpers as the night went on.

And in the morning, Hannibal would kindly mention to Will before they left the room that the walls of his bedroom were, much to Will's relief, sound proofed.

Chapter 7

Beverly woke up in the center of the otherwise empty queen bed and grinned. 'Good for you, Will,' she thought to herself as she stretched while groaning softly.

She climbed out of bed and went over to her book bag, pulling out underwear, jeans, socks, and a The Doors band shirt. She changed into the clothes and shoved her pyjamas back into the bag, zipping it back up. She opened the door just as Will was walking up to it, stepping back into the room to let him as he blushed.

"Morning, Will," She said with a smile as she shut the door behind him. He didn't look her in the eye, but she saw a hickey on his neck just above the collarbone, slightly obscured by the collar of Hannibal's sleepwear, "Did you sleep well?"

Will blushed darkly while shooting her a glare, saying nothing.

Beverly chuckled and held her hands up defensively, "Jeesh, alright… You have a hickey, by the way. Right here," she pointed to the same spot on her own neck, "See you at breakfast," she said before leaving the room with a grin and a wave, shutting the door behind herself.

She walked down the hall into the kitchen and leaned on the island, watching Hannibal cook pancakes and sausages on a hot griddle, a stack of each beside the griddle already. The alpha looked up and smiled, "Good morning, Miss Katz."

Beverly smiled back, "Morning, Doctor Lecter. Smells delicious. Will's getting changed, want me to grab the girls?"

Hannibal nodded, "Thank you, if you will."

She nodded and turned back around, making her way back down the hall. She knocked on the door and opened it without waiting for an answer, sticking her head in, "Hey you two, breakfast is almost ready."

Mischa looked over from in front of her dresser as she covered her chest shyly with a teeshirt. She was wearing jeans, socks, and a bra, "Must you always open the door with little warning, Miss Beverly?"

Beverly chuckled, smiling apologetically, "Sorry kiddo, I'll wait next time."

Mischa nodded, "Thank you. We will be there momentarily."

Without another word, Beverly shut the door, rubbing the back of her neck with a sigh. She then walked back into the kitchen, where Will was finishing up with setting the table. Beverly took her seat as Hannibal started bringing the food over to the table.

The girls walked into the room and sat down in their seats, Will and Hannibal sitting a moment later. Hannibal nodded to the group, and everyone started to serve themselves.

Some time into the meal, Hannibal looked around the table for a moment before speaking up, "The herd has passed. After we clean up breakfast, we will head out on a pantry run," the alpha looked to his sister, "Mischa, my heart. Please take your school book bag and empty it, pack it carefully. Miss Katz, please show her what clothing to choose."

Beverly nodded, but Mischa looked around with alarm, "Am I to understand that we are all going? And why am I packing? Are we not returning?"

Hannibal took her hand that was close to his into his own and squeezed it reassuringly, smiling softly, "Just some precautions, my dear. There is safety and strength in numbers, so it is better if we all stay together. Further, in the situation that we cannot come back to the condo, we must be prepared to move on. Can you be strong for me, my heart?"

Mischa looked up to him, biting her lip nervously, but nodded, "Of course, Brother." She squeezed his hand back then pulled her hand away, going back to eating.

Hannibal looked to Beverly, "Thank you in advance for assisting Mischa, Miss Katz." Beverly nodded and gave a thumbs up as she chewed a mouthful of pancake.

They finished eating breakfast quietly, Abigail and Mischa taking the dirty dishes and utensils to the sink while Will followed with the glasses.

Beverly walked back into the spare room to grab both her and Will's book bags, as well as the small medical duffle bag, and brought them to the living room to drop them onto the couch. She walked back to the spare room again to grab her own, Abigail, and Will's machetes and hunting knives from where they laid on top of the dresser, bringing them to the couch and laid them on it carefully.

"Miss Beverly?" Mischa called, standing in the doorway between the kitchen and living room when Beverly turned to look, "Will took over washing the dishes with Abigail. Shall we go pack?"

Beverly nodded, "Lead the way." Then followed after the younger beta.

Once in Mischa's room, they started opening Mischa's dresser drawers and digging through the clothing, both of them pulling items out. Beverly was looking through and tossing particular pieces onto the bed behind them, where the empty book bag was waiting. Mischa kept pulling out items and held them up for Beverly's approval, tossing the ones she nodded at onto the bed while dropping the ones she shook her head at on the floor.

When they were finished, Mischa folded all of the clothing carefully while putting them into the book bag. She then went back to the dresser and picked up the family picture sitting in front of the mirror, walking back over to her bag and placing it gently inside before ripping it shut. She looked up to Beverly and smiled, "Thank you for your assistance, Miss Beverly."

Beverly squeezed the shorter girl's shoulder and smiled, "No problem… Everything's going to be okay, alright? Don't worry, Mischa." She picked up Abigail's small duffle bag of clothes off the floor and slung it over her shoulder.

Mischa nodded, and they left the room, shutting the door behind them as they walked back into the living room. Will and Abigail were waiting in the living room, talking about what to get on the pantry run.

Abigail turned when she heard the two betas enter the room and looked at Beverly, smiling gratefully when she saw her duffle bag, "Thanks for grabbing that for me! I was going to get it when you guys were done in the room, I didn't want to get in the way."

Beverly smiled and nodded, "And Doctor Lecter?"

"Behind you, my dear," the alpha said as he came to a stop behind her, a medium sized duffel bag of clothes over his shoulder, "If we are all ready, I have a 2017 Bentley Bentayga on the first floor of the garage next to the condominium. It seats five, and has ample trunk space. I much prefer my 2000 Arnage, a much smoother drive, but we unfortunately have one too many people to comfortably travel together."

Will and Beverly looked at each other and nodded, Will then looking at Hannibal with a smile, "Lead the way."

Hannibal smiled and nodded once, going over to the key hooks next to the door and took the first of three sets of keys. He unbolted the door and led them down the hallway, Mischa quietly shutting the door behind them.

As they made their way down the hallway, Mischa quickly moved through the group to Hannibal's side. Will was walking behind them, and Beverly with Abigail following in the rear. Will kept his ears alert as they went down the stairwell, listening for any echo of footsteps or grunts or… anything.

They made it down to the lobby without a hiccup, and Hannibal continued leading them into the connected private parking garage. The alpha unlocked the luxury SUV and opened the trunk, everyone loading their bags in before getting into the seats; the three betas sitting in the back while the two men sat up front. Once they had all buckled in, Hannibal started the vehicle and started to drive.

When they arrived in front of a large grocery store, Will and Beverly got out first, Will telling everyone else to wait before they stepped into the entryway cautiously with machetes brandished. Will listened carefully, and upon deciding that it was safe, they returned to the vehicle and smiled, motioning for everyone to come out.

Each of them grabbed their own shopping cart and they went through the grocery store, grabbing non-perishable foods, drinks, and bottles of water. When they were satisfied, they all made their way to the checkout lanes and bagged everything so it would be easier to load into the trunk.

Once outside, they loaded the trunk carefully until there wasn't an inch of space remaining, before getting back in the SUV.

They started the drive back, when Abigail unbuckled herself and turned on the radio, swivelling the dial around through the static on the stations.

Will looked at Abigail with a raised eyebrow, "You're not going to hear anything but static, Abigail. We told you back at the shop that the radio stations all went black weeks ago."

Abigail shrugged as she kept tuning the radio, "Then it doesn't hurt for me to play with the radio."

Will huffs and rolls his eyes, looking out the window as the static keeps screeching, when suddenly a man's voice ring's out, Abigail's hand immediately letting go of the dial as everyone's eyes shoot to the radio in quiet shock.

"...Find us. Salvation is here. The answer to infection is here. If you can hear this, you're not alone. There are other survivors. We are soldiers, and we are armed. We can protect you. Our location is the forty-second blockade in Aberdeen, Maryland; twenty-seven miles northeast of Baltimore and seventy-four miles southwest of Philadelphia. You must find us. Salvation is here. The answer to infection..."

The group listened to the recorded broadcast in shock twice in full before Beverly looked at Will and Hannibal, "We need to go check it out."

Hannibal looked at her silently in the rear view mirror with a frown, while Will turned back to her in his seat, "Are you fucking nuts Beverly? No."

Beverly glared at him, "Are you? Will, come on, we need to at least scope this out. What if they actually have a cure? And protection?"

Will glared back, "What if they don't have either of that? What if the place is deserted and the generator powering the radio that's broadcasting that recording is the only thing left standing?"

Beverly growled in frustration, "Come on, Will! Have faith in me, please! What's the worst that can happen? The place is empty and we turn back? Please, let's just check it out. Do this for me."

Will grit his teeth, before huffing and turning back around, folding his arms and looking out the window, "Fine. We'll go. But only because Aberdeen is only forty minutes away."

Hannibal looks to Will, pursing his lips, but then looks back to the road and makes a turn, redirecting them towards Aberdeen.

They drove the forty minute journey in a tense silence, Will having turned the radio off after the broadcast had repeated a fourth time. There were two neat rows of vehicles parked in the grass on either side of the highway as they got closer to the blockade.

When they finally pulled up in front, there were two empty humvees with their doors open, and the metal doorway to the blockade itself was ajar. A sign clearly stated it was the forty-second blockade for the United States military.

And it was clearly abandoned.

Hannibal put the SUV in park and turned the engine off, looking at Will with concern, the younger man clenching his jaw as he sighed through his nose.

Everything was quiet for a moment and then Beverly gritted out, "Mother fucker," she unbuckled herself and threw open the door, getting out.

"Beverly!" Will shouted after her, unbuckling and getting out of the vehicle, "Beverly stop! Where are you going!"

Seeing the military blockade they arrived at was in fact the one described in the recorded radio broadcast, but was abandoned, Beverly felt an uncharacteristic anger boiling up inside of her as she stormed away from the group.

She felt deceived by the military men who had left that recording playing, lured with false hope to the middle of nowhere. And what's worse, she had convinced everyone else to have hope as well. This was all on her, and she couldn't stand it.

Letting out a frustrated roar, she kicked the metal door of the blockade, and immediately felt two drops of something wet fall down onto her cheek as she heard a crow cawing as it flew away. She jumped in surprise, looking up in reflex, only for whatever it was to drip directly into her eye.

She blinked and rubbed her eye while wiping her cheek, then looked down at her hand.

Blood.

Her eyes widened as her stomach dropped to the floor, quickly looking up. There was the corpse of a man on top of the blockade, stuck in the barbed wire. She quickly went through the doorway and looked up, seeing his blood red scleras and constricted pupils, and the bullet hole in his forehead.

She swallowed as she blinked, feeling the burning starting in her veins, her eyes watering with tears as the reality of the situation sunk in.

"Bev? You okay?"

She looked down at Will with terrified eyes. He was still walking unknowingly towards her, already ten feet away. The others had gotten out of the car as well; Hannibal and Mischa were a few feet behind Will, Abigail just behind the siblings.

She huffed out a laugh as she stepped back away slowly, "Get away from me." Her shoulder jerked involuntarily. She grit her teeth as tears started going down her cheeks; her body already felt like it was on fire.

Will frowned, stopping for a second, before walking a bit faster towards her, "Beverly?"

Hannibal had seen her violent twitch and narrowed his eyes, stopping where he was, his hand a vice grip on Mischa's shoulder and holding his other arm in front of Abigail to stop her from walking any further, cautioning, "Will…"

"GET AWAY FROM ME!" Beverly screamed, her body violently jerking again before she wrapped her arms tightly around her middle, stumbling back away from them, looking at Will with contracted pupils as she shook violently, whispering, "I love you."

Will was shaking his head, tears in his eyes, his shaking hands reaching for his machete as he choked back a sob, not wanting to believe what was happening.

When her eyes opened again, the whites were completely red, and she lurched forward with a snarl. Will heard Hannibal shout his name as the omega whipped back his machete.

Suddenly gunfire rang out and Beverly dropped to the ground, five feet away.

Will lowered his machete slowly in disbelief, his eyes wide as he stared at his dead friend on the ground, tears still rolling down his cheeks, before holstering the machete with shaking hands and taking a step towards her.

"Get away from the infected corpse!" A man's voice loudly commanded from behind Will, making him stop immediately. Will was wiping his face of tears as he turned, seeing four armed soldiers standing around between him and his pack.

Will's nose easily caught that all four of them were alphas.

Will was deeply unnerved that multiple alphas had managed to sneak up behind him without him hearing or smelling them, but given the emotionally charged situation he had just been in, he was tempted to give himself a break.

The soldier standing a few feet behind Will had his gun still raised, though no longer aimed, and must have been the one to shoot Beverly. He was an impressively tall and broad man with dark brown cropped hair, ocean blue eyes, and a cleft lip while his name tag said F. DOLARHYDE. Will could see sympathy fill in the alpha's eyes once he saw Will's tear stained face.

The soldier standing a few feet behind Dolarhyde was holding his gun in a resting position, his uniform different from the other soldiers; holding a higher rank, Will assumes. His name tag says, T. BUDGE. The man has black cropped hair and dark rich skin, narrowing his black eyes at Will as he smiles cooly at him as he calls out, "State your name, omega."

Will's lip curls into a snarl for a brief second at being regarded in such a way, but knows better than to start a fight with a man holding a gun in a world where there's no consequences. And though Budge's cold smile makes an instinct to flee start to stir in his stomach, he simply spits out, "Will Graham."

Budge seems pleased, turning to look at Hannibal, Mischa, and Abigail, who were flanked by two soldiers dressed identically as Dolarhyde and holding their guns in a resting position.

The alpha to the left of the group was switching his weight from hip to hip as he whistled a song while watching the clouds overhead. His uniform top was not buttoned all the way up and showed his olive green teeshirt underneath, his sleeves rolled up to the elbows, and the name tag on his chest saying M.BROWN. He had a crest next to his name, so Will suspected

he was a different rank as well. He was lean and pale with rosy cheeks and green eyes, his brown hair an inch or two longer than the other alphas and was starting to curl.

The alpha to the right of the group was tall, though not as tall as Dolarhyde. He was bordering on overweight as well as starting to bald, had light brown hair and brown eyes. His uniform was pristinely kept, unlike the alpha to the left, and his name tag said C.DOEMLING. He had a sneer on his face as he stared Will down, making the omega's instinct to run from this group of alphas flare even stronger.

"Alpha, your name and the name of the betas in your charge?" Budge says to Hannibal, who has an arm around each of them, holding them close.

"My name is Doctor Hannibal Lecter. This is my sister Mischa, and Miss Abigail Hobbs," Hannibal states.

Budge raises a brow, "A medical doctor?"

Hannibal narrows his eyes but nods, "I was an ER trauma and neurosurgeon for a decade."

Budge nods once, then turns back to look at Will as he addresses them all, "The four of you will get into your vehicle and follow us to our base. We were overrun by the infected and had many casualties. We have since moved on to an abandoned estate down the road. It has a proficient security system to protect against the infected, as well as running water, solar panels and gasoline powered generators, and a food pantry that we keep stocked and supplement with hunting of the local wildlife."

Tobias turned and started to walk away, the two flanking Hannibal and the girls turning as well and began following him. Dolarhyde had turned to follow, but paused, looking back at Will when he realized the omega had not moved. He bowed his head slightly and spoke quietly with concern in his eyes, "Will Graham, I implore you to resist the urge to rebel…"

Will glared at Dolarhyde then looked at the three retreating figures, calling out to them, "What if we want to return to our own home base?"

At that, Brown wiped back around to face them, his gun aimed at Abigail as he stared Will down with narrowed playful eyes and a crooked grin. Abigail screamed in fear as she raised her hands, Will screaming her name with wide eyes as he reflexively took a step forward but stopped immediately when Brown started stalking towards the teen, his playful green eyes still on Will, saying in an almost teasing voice, "Now now, Mister Graham, we can all be friends if you give us the chance… I know I'd like to be your friend…"

Will felt like throwing up.

Budge had turned and was watching with that same cold smile from before, "Will Graham, I'll repeat myself just this once. When Sergeant Brown lowers his weapon, you and your pack will get into your vehicle and follow us to our base. It should be redundant to state that this is not a suggestion, omega," with that, he nodded to Brown and turned back around, walking to the tan humvee and getting into the driver seat.

Sergeant Brown smirked and winked at Will, then stood up straight as he returned his gun to a relaxed holding position, whistling the same song from before and kicking a leg out as he swiveled back around to face the humvee again, walking over and climbing into the back, leaving the door open as Doemling climbed in after him and shut the door.

As soon as Brown had turned away, Will and Abigail ran to each other, hugging tightly as Abigail started sobbing while Will rubbed her back soothingly, shushing her softly and telling her it was okay now. Hannibal and Mischa had quickly moved close to them, watching the soldiers retreat with wary eyes.

Dolarhyde paused next to the two brunettes, looking at the ground, "My condolences for your friend," he muttered quietly, before looking up again and walking to the humvee and getting into the passenger side.

Hannibal had watched Dolarhyde go with a narrow of curious eyes, then looked to Will and the girls, speaking gently, "We should hurry, I have the feeling they are not patient men."

Abigail nodded and Will both nodded as they pulled back from each other, Abigail sniffling and wiping the tears from her face on her sleeves.

Will turned back to look back at Beverly's corpse, lying face first on the ground in a puddle of her own blood, as the girls started walking towards the vehicle. Hannibal had followed after them but stopped, looking back when he realized Will was still standing there, "Will…"

Will shook his head, "Yeah, right. Sorry. I'm coming." The omega jogged to the passenger side and got in, buckling his seatbelt sighed shakily, rubbing his face with both hands. After a quiet moment of ragged breathing, the omega started shuddering out soft sobs as he slouched down in his seat, still covering his face.

Hannibal got into the vehicle, looking at Will with deep concern as he put on his seatbelt before starting the engine. A moment later, the humvee in front of them roared to life and started to drive, Hannibal frowning as he followed after, his knuckles tight on the steering wheel.

Abigail and Mischa looked to each other, then to Will, tears rolling down their cheeks quietly. Abigail reached out to put a hand on Will's shoulder, speaking softly, "I'm so sorry about Bev, Will…"

At her touch, Will wiped his face of the tears and snot roughly on his sleeves, trying to calm his breathing as he sniffled and looked out the window as he laced his hands together in his lap, his face tear-stained and eyes swollen.

Chapter 8

After driving ten minutes in a thick and heavy silence, the humvee pulls up in front of a large estate on the edge of town. Hannibal quickly took in what he could see, digesting the information for later.

The house looked to be a two story, six bedroom brick colonial with an attic. It had shrubbery and trees planted decoratively around it that looked like it had once been lovingly maintained, but now was starting to overgrow. The property had a large front lawn and driveway leading to the home, large lawns flanking the sides and back as well.

The property was surrounded by a ten foot tall black wrought iron fencing that had a gate at the driveway. Someone had added barbed wire along the top of the fencing.

A second chain-link fence that was five feet inside of the wrought iron fencing that was six feet tall with 'caution: high voltage signs' posted every few feet on both sides of the fence. This fence also had barbed wire along the top.

There were countless large spotlights around the building facing outwards, and motion sensor units set up around the perimeter fences to alarms.

Hannibal could see old blood stains on the ground on both sides of both fences, but no more than a foot or two in from the fencing. It seems like their security was, in fact, proficient enough.

Dolarhyde had been the one to get out of the passenger side with his weapon, shutting the door behind himself, to unlock and open both the wrought iron gate and the chain link fencing. He waited for both vehicles to pass before closing and locking both again.

The humvee did not wait for the alpha to get back inside; it started driving down the driveway towards the building. Hannibal frowned and looked at the alpha in the rear view mirror for a brief moment before putting the SUV back into drive again and following the other vehicle once again. He looked back again, curiously, and saw the alpha walking down the driveway to the building.

Both vehicles parked beside the house at the end of the driveway, and Will frowned as he watched the alphas climbing out of the tan vehicle, "I only hear the sounds of three others in the house, and I'm pretty fucking sure one of them is an infected."

Hannibal looked at him quickly, "Are you certain, Will?"

Will nods, glaring as Budge and Brown walk towards the Bently while the other two soldiers walk into the house through the side door, "I think I hear a chain. I think they're keeping it… Like a dog…"

Brown knocks on Will's window, with a crooked grin, "Come on out, Mister Graham. We won't bite hard."

Will curses under his breath as he looks away from the window, his instinct to flee starting to rile up again. The alpha knocked twice again on his window and Will glared at him, snapping as he unbuckled himself, "We're getting out!"

Will heard the pale green-eyed alpha chuckling as he opened the door and got out, but the omega ignored him. Abigail and Mischa got out of the Bently, clearly anxious as they looked between Budge and Brown as they closed their doors.

Hannibal got out as well, keys in hand. Budge walked up to Hannibal and nodded his head to the Bently, "You can leave the keys on the dashboard, Doctor Lecter."

Hannibal nodded once and put the keys onto the dashboard before shutting the door, then looked to Budge, "May we get our bags of clothing out of the trunk before we go inside, Mister…?"

"Sergeant Major Tobias Budge. And you may," the alpha replies, then follows the four of them around to the trunk. He raises an amused eyebrow at seeing the packed trunk once it is opened, "I see you had been on a supply run… We will absorb these pantry goods with our own stocks."

Hannibal had been pulling out their clothing bags and paused for a second, his eyes narrowing in anger, before continuing to pull out their clothing bags and hand them to their owners.

He leaves Beverly's in the trunk.

He also pulls out Will's medication bag and hands it off to the omega, careful as to not jostle the bag so the pill bottles inside of it do not make noise and alert the other alpha of its contents.

Hannibal closes the trunk, then turns to Budge and forces a polite smile, "We're ready. Please, lead the way, Major Budge."

The other alpha smiles cooly and leads the group down the path to the front of the house and opens the front double doors, leading them into a large entry hall, Brown following behind the group and shutting the doors behind himself.

Budge turned and looked to the back of the group at Brown, "Sergeant Brown, please go alert Private Doemling and Sergeant Dimmond that there is a large amount of supplies in the back of the Bently in the driveway, and take them to the pantry to organize by type and expiration date. Between the three of you, the task should be taken care of swiftly."

Brown nods curtly, "Sir," then leaves through a doorway to another room.

Budge looks at the pack again, smiling cooly once again, "I'll take you four to where you'll be staying. The betas will stay together in one room. Doctor Lecter, you and the omega will stay together in the room next door. Inappropriate, given your different secondary sexes, but we are limited on space. Please, follow." The alpha turned and started up the wide staircase.

Hannibal quietly followed after the Major, Will reluctantly followed after the blonde, Mischa and Abigail following close after the omega. Budge walked down the hall to the second to last door and opened it, looking at the group, "Mischa, Abigail; the bathroom is the door across from your room; the plumbing works because of the generators and well water system. We will send someone for you when dinner is ready."

The girls nervously looked to each other then to Will and Hannibal, but walked into the room quietly without being asked a second time. Budge closed the door behind them, then guided Hannibal and Will to the last bedroom. He opened the door, "This will be your room. Please make yourselves comfortable until dinner."

Hannibal and Will walked into the room quietly, Will turning to look at the door when Budge closed it. The omega thennlooks at Hannibal, wrapping his arms around himself and frowns, "I don't like this, Hannibal. Everything in me wants to run from these alphas."

Hannibal walks over to Will and holds him around the shoulders, kissing his forehead, "I know, Will. I trust your instincts. But they have guns, and outnumber us. We need to figure out a plan."

Will nodded, looking out the window quietly as Hannibal held him for a few moments, before whispering to himself as his eyes watered, "We should have never left the condo."

Hannibal softened, "Will, don't…"

"No, Hannibal. I'm a realist. If I had just listened to you about your supplies at the condo, we would never have left. Abigail would have never turned on the radio in the Bently. Beverly would have never heard the broadcast and tried to talk us into going," he swallowed, voice thick with grief as tears started rolling down his cheeks and he looked down, "I would have never agreed to go to the blockade."

Hannibal nuzzled Will's cheek, hugging the omega tight, "Don't do this to yourself. You had no way of knowing the outcome of the events which had been set into motion. It wasn't your fault. It was no one's fault." Will whimpered softly, gripping the alpha's shirt, "You should rest until dinner, Will. It's been a stressful day."

Will nodded a bit, looking at him under wet lashes, "Lay with me?"

Hannibal smiled softly and nodded, wiping the tears from the omega's face, "Of course." He took the younger man by the hand and led him over to the king bed and had him sit, kneeling in front of him to take Will's shoes off for him.

Hannibal then took off his own shoes and walked around to the other side of the bed and laid down, not bothering to get under the covers, and reached over to take Will's hand. Will looked back to Hannibal, then laid down on the bed and curled up close to the alpha. The omega nuzzled his face into the older man's neck, breathing in his scent, his bodly relaxing slowly with each inhale. Hannibal rubbed the younger man's back gently, the younger man holding him around the waist.

Around two and a half hours later, when the sun was nearly set, there was a firm knock on the door before Dolarhyde's voice called out from the other side, "Doctor Lecter, Mister Graham. Dinner is ready. I will show you to the dining room."

A moment later, Will heard a similar muffled message being given to the girls at the room next door.

Hannibal and Will both sighed as they got out of the bed, putting their shoes back on. Hannibal put his arm around the omega's shoulders and pulled him close to kiss him on the temple, before separating from the younger man and open the door.

The taller alpha looks at the two of them for a second before starting down the hall, Abigail and Mischa following after him with Hannibal after them and Will following in the rear.

They go down the hallway to the staircase then down to the first floor, walking out of the main hall into a sitting room then through to the dining room, where the table was already set. Most of the soldiers were already seated at the ten setting table and were talking comfortably between themselves. The group looked around the table and recognized Brown, Doemling, and now Dolarhyde as well as he sat down.

At the far end of the table sitting opposite of Budge there was an unknown alpha soldier. A tall and lanky man with brown hair peppered with grey that was kept about two inches long, swept out of his face, with friendly light blue eyes and light stubble on his jaw. His name tag said A.DIMMOND, and had the same crest next to his name that Brown did.

The other unknown alpha at the table was sitting to Budge's right. He was a bit on the short side and somewhat overweight. He had dark brown hair, a short well manicured beard, and nervous brown eyes. He was currently wearing a pink frilly plaid apron over his uniform, but his name tag was just high enough to not be hidden; F.FROIDEVEAUX.

The only one not seated was Budge, who was standing behind his chair at the head of the table, his hands clasped behind his back. The dark skinned alpha was now wearing a service uniform instead of the combat uniform from before, though none of the other soldiers had changed.

Brown was sitting to Budge's left, across from Froideveaux, and beside him were three of the empty seats at the table. Dimmond was at the end of the table, with the remaining empty seat to his right between himself and Dolarhyde. Doemling was sat in between Dolarhyde and Froideveaux.

Will glared at Brown for sitting where he had, but the green-eyed alpha only smirked playfully back at him. Mischa took the seat next to Dimmond, Abigail sitting next to her. Will grit his teeth but sat between Brown and Abigail. Hannibal eyed Brown carefully but sat down between Dolarhyde and Dimmond.

Finally, Budge sat in his seat. The soldiers all stopped talking amongst themselves and looked at Budge. The man looked around the dishes on the table for a moment then smiled to Froideveaux, "It looks like canned green beans, corn, instant potatoes… and, Dolarhyde, if you will?"

Dolarhyde reaches over and lifts the cover off the large dish in the center of the table, and all the soldiers grinned when they saw meat on the table. Budge looks to Froideveaux, "Is that the last of the venison?"

Froideveaux smiles happily, "Yes, sir. I know we were saving it for Christmas in case we didn't see another deer before then, but I thought. Ya'know, since we have new friends…"

Budge chuckled, nodding once, "I was going to propose a toast, but I believe this will suffice. To new friends!"

The soldiers all echoed back, 'to new friends,' Brown turning his face slightly to make eye contact with Will while he winked when he did. Will glared back and looked away.

Budge served himself first, the rest of the soldiers quickly diving at the table after he was done, as the major started to cut his meat and take a bite. However, Budge quickly made a face and spit the meat back out, the soldiers coming to a hesitant stop as they looked between him and the meat at the center of the table.

"Private Froideveaux, did that venison seem off to you while you were preparing it? Was that meat already spoiled when you thawed it?" He looked to Froideveaux with narrowed eyes.

Froideveaux looked around the table anxiously, "I thought the seasonings might cover the taste…"

Budge growled softly, scraping the spoiled venison onto the serving dish with the rest of the spoiled meat, "Get rid of it, Private."

Froideveaux nods quickly, scrambling to get out of his chair and put the cover back over the meat, taking the serving dish back into the kitchen.

Budge looks over to Will and the girls, smiling cooly, "I don't suppose any of you three have any talent in the kitchen? I can't begin to tell you how much we would benefit from some feminine skills around here."

Will tries to keep his face neutral, his lip from curling into a snarl, but it's hard.

Brown groaned, sitting back in his chair as he pushed his green beans around on the plate, "Fucking Franklyn. I got so excited to see something that didn't come out of a can or a box."

Abigail, Mischa and Hannibal had served themselves food and had started eating quietly, but Will stared down at his empty plate miserably.

Budge raised a brow, "Omega, you need to eat."

"I'm not hungry," Will gritted out through clenched teeth.

Budge frowned, "Regardless. We eat once a day here. You need to eat your fill to keep your strength up."

Will glared at Budge, "I grew up hungry. I'll be fine."

Dimmond at the other end of the table sighed, "With all due respect, Major Budge. Private Dolarhyde told me earlier that they lost their friend when we found them today. Mister Graham may be grieving her in his own way."

Budge moves his gaze from Will to Dimmond, narrowing his eyes, "And I'm sure you'd think it very romantic of him to starve to death in mourning over the infected beta, Sergeant Dimmond."

Dimmond huffed with a small smile, "No, of course not, life is precious, even now. But I do believe that we should allow Mister Graham his process."

Budge sighed, "Yes, well, I'm sure Mister Graham will appreciate your waxing poetry during their stay."

The room returned to silence after that, Froideveaux finally returning to his seat as they all resumed eating when suddenly alarms started going off and the spotlights lit the entire property up like it was daylight again.

Immediately, all of the soldiers but Budge jumped out of their seats and ran out of the room, a chaos of shouting. Will and Hannibal stood, alarmed, as Abigail and Mischa looked between the four of them.

Will ran to the main hall, where their weapons were still laying on the ground, picking one up. Hannibal had followed after him, telling the girls to stay behind with Budge in the dining room.

Soon the gunfire dies down, and it is quiet for a long moment.

The front doors opened suddenly as the soldiers walked in, Brown leading the group. He saw Will and smirked, sauntering over then quickly taking the machete from the omega, "You won't need this anymore, Mister Graham. I'm going to protect you from the infected for now on," he kept walking closer to Will, the now anxious blue eyed man backing up against the wall as the green-eyed alpha leaned in and sniffed his neck right at Will's scent gland, "I'll take real good care of you, Mister Graham…"

Hannibal's patience with the other alpha finally ran out and he snarled, grabbing the shorter alpha and grapling with him as they both snarled for a few moments. The other soldiers had backed out of their way, but ultimately Brown pulls a cheap shot and gets the upper hand, quickly pinning Hannibal to the ground with a crooked grin.

Will's about to step in, when suddenly Dimmond slugs Brown out of nowhere, knocking the green-eyed alpha to the ground. Brown growls and clutches his sore face, looking up at Dimmond, "What the fuck, Antony!"

Dimmond just glares down at Brown as he helps Hannibal to stand.

"What's going on here?" Budge's voice rings out like a bolt of lightning from the doorway, "On second thought. Brown, Froideveaux; secure the perimeter. Dimmond, Dolarhyde, Doemling; clear the bodies off the lawn."

All the soldiers said 'sir,' and left the room, Budge looking to Will and Hannibal again, "Would you two care to return to the dining room where your betas are waiting?"

Hannibal forced a smile, "Of course, Major Budge." Will looked to Hannibal with narrowed eyes but followed after all the same.

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

CW: Attempted, intended non-con later in the chapter.

Abigail and Mischa were crowding close to each other in the dining room behind their seats, the dirty plates of half-eaten food from the soldiers and the pack long since forgotten on the table. Mischa's face lit up when Will and Hannibal walked into the room, causing Abigail to turn around to look at Will and Hannibal, the tension visibly leaving both her and Mischa's bodies as the four of them quickly regrouped in the center of the room.

"If the four of you are not going to resume eating, I would recommend showering then turning in for the night. Please be considerate with the hot water by limiting yourself to fifteen minute showers; while the hot water heater is a generous size, it is not limitless. There are now ten bodies in this house that might enjoy a warm shower at some point in the night."

Hannibal nodded, a hand on Will's shoulder, "Of course, Major Budge. Thank you for all of your generosity."

Budge nodded, watching cooly with his hands clasped behind his back as the four of them left the room.

Abigail and Mischa went up the steps quickly in front of Will and Hannibal. Abigail went into their room but Hannibal stopped Mischa with a hand on her shoulder, "Mischa, did you want to shower tonight? I can wait outside of the bathroom to make sure you are not… Interrupted."

Mischa's eyes widen a bit when she catches the meaning between the words unsaid, and nods nervously, that obviously not having even crossed her mind until now, "Yes, Brother, if you would be so kind."

Hannibal smiles sadly to her and squeezes her shoulder, "Knock on the wall between our rooms when you are ready for your shower and I will meet you at your door."

The young blonde nods then goes into her room and shuts her door.

Hannibal sighs and walks to his and Will's room and enters, closing the door behind him. Will looks up to him from where he was sitting cross legged and shoeless on the bed, his arms behind him to hold him up, "I heard that Mischa is going to shower. I'm guessing you as well?"

Hannibal nodded, "Once she's returned to her room, yes. Did you want to join me?"

Will shook his head, "Even before the infection, I only showered every other day. If we're still here tomorrow night, I'll shower then."

Hannibal nodded again, "Tonight we should rest. We can start trying to figure out options tomorrow when we wake up with clear heads."

There was a knock on the wall between their room and the girls' room, Hannibal looking towards the sound with a soft smile, "I believe that's my cue. I will be back shortly, Will."

Will nodded and sighed as the alpha left the room, flopping back on the bed as the door shut. He laid there staring at the ceiling for a few minutes, before getting up and going to his book bag. He unzipped it and pulled out the royal blue pyjamas that Hannibal let him borrow back at the condo. Will quickly changed into the silk sleepwear, putting his day clothes back into the book bag and zipping it back up.

The omega then picked up his medical duffle bag and unzipped it, taking out his opened bottle of suppressants and took one out, dropping it into his pyjama shirt chest pocket for now, until he could go into the bathroom and drink it down with some water from the faucet.

With a sigh, the brunette screwed the lid tight and put the bottle back, zipping the bag up and dropping it back behind their clothing bags for safe keeping. He stood and stretched a little, before going back over to the bed and sitting on the edge again.

Another few minutes pass, and then Hannibal opens the door again with a small smile, quietly going over to his clothing bag and getting his sleepwear and toiletries out before leaving again, closing the door gently again behind himself.

Two minutes later, when Will is staring out the large window at the night time sky, there's a knock at the door. Will frowns, looking at the door suspiciously, before hesitatingly going over to it and opening it a couple inches with his shoulder braced to the door. He blinks in surprised relief when he sees friendly, almond shaped light blue eyes staring back at him.

"Hello, Mister Graham. Is Doctor Lecter here?" Dimmond asked.

"You're the one that punched Sergeant Brown earlier. Sergeant Antony Dimmond, was it?" Will asked, opening the door to about halfway open, his eyebrow raised.

Dimmond laughed, looking down bashfully for a second before looking back up with a smile, "Matthew can be quite the asshole at times, especially when he's thinking with his knot."

"You ain't kidding," Will said, a small smile starting on his own face, starting to relax a bit, "Hannibal's in the shower. He'll be out soon, if you want to wait?"

Dimmond nodded, "Sure." The tall alpha looked down the hallway for a moment before smiling back at Will. Now that the two of them were standing in front of each other, Will could tell with slight surprise that the lanky man was likely a touch taller than Hannibal, maybe even Dolarhyde as well.

"So, out of curiosity. You two don't have bond scars, but, are you mates?" The alpha asks then pauses, adding when he sees Will rapidly blush, "You don't have to answer if you don't want to."

Will looks away as he's red in the face, reflexively edging the door slightly less open, "We haven't known each other long, but. We've been intimate… I don't want to risk being vulnerable, or a pregnancy scare, by going into heat during this hell on earth just so we can bond."

Dimmond nodded, smiling sadly down to him, "Shame. All it'd take is a simple scar to keep the uncouth such as Matthew from sniffing your neck."

Will shrugged, frowning, "In another world, maybe things could be that simple."

Dimmond huffed, shaking his head as he chuckled, "Maybe, Mister Graham."

"Sergeant Dimmond? To what do we owe the pleasure of your company?" Hannibal spoke up from behind the taller alpha. His amber eyes were watching the blue-eyed alpha carefully as the man turned around, water dripping from his towel dried blonde hair, his day clothes folded in a pile under his arm.

Dimmond smiled at Hannibal, "Evening, Doctor Lecter. Major Budge wanted me to ask you to please join him in the study first thing in the morning tomorrow. Didn't want to be impolite tomorrow morning and catch you off guard, I suppose. Either myself or Sergeant Brown will be sent to fetch you."

Hannibal raised a brow, looking down the hall, unamused, "I suppose he has at least one of you well trained. Should have the other one put down for the good of your pack."

Dimmond chuckled, raising a brow in amusement, "That's implying he's the only mad dog in our pack. To which, I regret to inform you, the rest of the barrel has already begun to spoil." He looks away, looking disappointed for a moment, then forces a smile at each of them, "Good night to you both."

Hannibal narrows his eyes as the taller man walks down the dark hallway before disappearing down the staircase. He turns to Will, who smiles at him as he opens the door while taking his suppressant out of his shirt pocket.

"I'm gonna hit the bathroom real quick, be right back," Will says, kissing Hannibal's cheek before walking past the older man to the now empty bathroom and shutting the door behind himself.

He puts the pill in his mouth as he walks over to the faucet, turning the water on and cupping his hands to catch some and drinks it, swallowing the pill. He then cupped his hands under the cool water again, splashing it onto his face this time. He turns off the faucet and shakes his hands dry, rubbing the excess water that was dripping off of his face back into his hair with a sigh.

He walked back out of the bathroom and left the door cracked open, walking to his and Hannibal's room and letting himself in. Hannibal was already laying in bed, so Will turned out the room's light as he shut the door behind himself.

Hannibal looked over to him with a small smile, turning the blanket over for Will as the omega got into the bed. The younger man smiled softly and moved into Hannibal's personal space, the alpha chuckling and pulling the brunette closer. They eventually settled, Will's face pressed into Hannibal's neck with his nose millimeters from his scent gland, arms wrapped around each others' torsos and legs intertwined with each other.

Neither was sure where one started and the other ended, and they were perfectly content that way as they both drifted into sleep.

Several hours into the night, however, the need to relieve himself called Will from the warmth of the bed and his alpha, as he sluggishly stepped out into the hallway, closing the bedroom door behind himself. He went to try the bathroom door only to hear the faint sound of the shower starting. He huffed at his horrible timing and rolled his eyes, leaning back against the wall across from the door.

After a minute or two, his eyes were getting heavy as his head bobbed, as he was starting to fall asleep on his feet.

"Fancy meeting you here at a time like this, Mister Graham…" Brown said from a foot away, startling Will awake as he was walking closer. The alph practically giggled in delight at catching the omega off guard and kept walking towards him as the blue-eyed man quickly backed up until he was pressed back against the cool glass of the large window at the end of the hallway. Brown put his hands on the window panes on either side of Will, smirking as he trapped him in. Will was trying to push the green-eyed alpha away from him as the man sniffed his neck, but despite being strong for an omega, Brown was deceptively strong despite being almost the size of an omega himself, "Mister Graham, you smell absolutely fascinating, do you know that? Hidden under that laundry-like shampoo, and that alpha's body wash… I smell sea salt, driftwood, and petrichor. Not very omega-like at all."

"Get the hell off of me," Will gritted out, struggling to push the green-eyed man away. He quickly started shaking his head when he felt one of Brown's hands, cool from the window, slip under his shirt to start feeling up his stomach and ribs, "No no no, stop it…!"

Brown chuckled, "I might not be able to bond with you outside of your heat, but I can mark you up nice and pretty…" he started licking and sucking on Will's scent gland as he pressed his body against the omega's, the alpha's erect length pushed against his flaccid own through their night clothes, Will's breathing frantic as he tried desperately to shove the alpha off.

"Please don't do this…!" Will begged, tears welling up in his eyes, his shirt pushing further up as the alpha's hand wandered higher, his fingers brushing over the omega's nipple.

"Sergeant Brown, I may be late to the party, but it appears that Mister Graham would appreciate it if you'd stopped."

Brown stopped what he was doing and growled, looking back over his shoulder, "I see you finished your shower, Sergeant Dimmond. Go back to your room and mind your own fucking business."

Will looked to Dimmond with pleading eyes over Brown's shoulder as he tried to push the distracted man off him with a whimper, but even now, he couldn't move the man even an inch.

"Sergeant, I really would rather not come over there. Let the omega go about his business before I make a scene," the tall alpha said, crossing his arms.

Sergeant Brown snarled and whipped around, letting go of Will and storming past Dimmond, shoving into the taller man's shoulder roughly as he passed.

The taller alpha simply rolled his light blue eyes and sighed, running his hand through his damp hair before walking forward and crouching down in front of Will, asking quietly, "Are you okay?"

Once the green-eyed alpha had let go of him, the omega had slid down against the window to sit on the floor, crying in relief, his arms wrapped around his waist and knees curled to his chest. He looked up to Dimmond when the alpha spoke to Will, "I guess. Thanks…" He looks down, embarrassed for a moment, but then looks up again, "I have to pee. Can you… Would you mind staying? I don't want him coming back." He looked away, sniffling and wiping his tear-streaked face.

Dimmond softened, nodding and stood, holding a hand out for Will, "Of course, Mister Graham," Will takes his hand and pulls himself up, then quickly goes into the bathroom and shuts the door behind himself.

It's only then he notices the door doesn't have a lock, and wonders idly if any of them do.

He takes care of his needs and washes his hands before stepping back into the hallway, nervously looking around.

"It's just us, no worries…" Dimmond reassures, then pauses, before looking to his and Hannibal's door, "Try to get some sleep, and make sure to make Doctor Lecter fully aware of the situation that transpired. I know he already scrapped once with Brown and won't be pleased, but he should know if another alpha made an attempt at assaulting you…"

Will nodded numbly, opening their door and stepping halfway in but looked back over his shoulder, mumbling, "Thanks again," before going inside and shutting the door. The omega leaned his back against it and sighed heavily as he listened to the faint muffled footsteps fade.

He stayed there for a few minutes with his jaw clenched tight before navigating to the bed in the darkness, climbing under the covers and intertwining tight with Hannibal after a moment.

After another moment, the blonde alpha stirs, frowning in his half-asleep haze as he scents the omega and smells another on him, quickly becoming alert, his voice rough with sleep, "Will, what's going on, is everything alright? You smell--"

Like a dam breaking, Will begins to sob into the alpha's neck, holding onto him tightly, telling him everything.

How the other alpha cornered him while he was nodding off in the hallway waiting for Dimmond to get out of the shower. How he couldn't get him off. How Dimmond got him to leave before it got further than necking and a molesting hand. How Dimmond stayed, until he was safely back in their room.

Hannibal holds him, rubbing his back soothingly, but is absolutely enraged. He closes his eyes and forces himself to take a deep breath of his omega's scent to soothe himself, but even then, he purses his lips because there's still faint traces of that… pig.

"I'll talk with Major Budge in the morning about Sergeant Brown. This behavior will not be tolerated," the alpha whispers soothingly into the younger man's hair. Will nods slightly into the blonde's neck as he starts to calm again, exhausted, "Rest, Will. We will talk more in the morning."

Will sighs softly, closing his tired and swollen eyes. It's only a few moments before the soothing smell of his alpha sends Will to sleep, but Hannibal stews in the darkness with his anger, and it's only as the sky starts to lighten that he finally succumbs to sleep as well.

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

CW: Nonspecific abuse of prescription drugs

Hannibal woke in the morning still holding Will to his chest, the brunette curled into himself in the alpha's arms. Hannibal buried his nose in the younger man's hair and breathed in his scent. The blonde laid there, content for another moment, before sighing and pulling away from the omega.

Will frowned and opened one eye sleepily, "Is it time to get up already?"

"Unsure, but I would rather be dressed and ready to leave when the sergeant comes calling, than keep them waiting," Hannibal replies as he gets out of bed while he unbuttons his sleepshirt. He then unties his sleep pants and slips them off, folding them both as he walks over to his duffle bag. He takes out a change of clothing and dresses, putting his sleepwear away and zipping his bag up.

Upon seeing Hannibal dressed, Will stretches and yawns, finally getting out of the bed as well. He pulls the loose button down sleep shirt over his head with ease before untying the bottoms and letting them slip off. He grabs them both and walks over to his book bag, unzipping it and taking out a change of clothes. He gets dressed and puts the sleepwear away, zipping the book bag up.

Will walks over to one of the windows looking out at the far right end of the property, folding his arms. Hannibal came up behind him, putting his hands on the omega's shoulders and kissing his head.

Will frowned as he heard the sound of a chain echoing in the distance, "Hannibal, if you have to kill me because I get infected, don't hesitate, not even a heartbeat. Because I won't."

Hannibal nodded, wrapping his arms around Will's shoulder's, repeating in confirmation, "Not even a heartbeat."

A knock rang out suddenly, then Dimmond's voice chimed through the door, "Doctor Lecter, Major Budge is asking for your appearance, when you're ready."

Will pulls away, walking towards the door, looking back over his shoulder to Hannibal, "I'm going to the girl's room. Spend some time with them."

Hannibal nodded, following after, "Give them both my love."

Will opens the door and smiles up to the light blue-eyed alpha, "Good morning, Sergeant Dimmond."

The tall alpha smiles softly down to the omega and steps out of his way, "Good morning, Mister Graham. Did you manage to get any sleep?"

Will rubbed the back of his neck, "Yeah… Thank you. Again," Dimmond simply nods and smiles, Will quickly turns and takes the handful of steps down the hall to Mischa and Abigail's room, knocking quickly. He hears them groggily ask who it is, and replies, "It's Will!" He then disappears into the room a moment later, shutting the door behind himself.

Hannibal waits for the door to shut for him to look at Dimmond carefully as he shuts Will and his own bedroom door, "Sergeant Dimmond, thank you for protecting Will last night while I was asleep."

Dimmond's smile fell and he nodded solemnly, looking to the door Will had disappeared into a moment before, "It was the right thing to do. Consent is critical. I don't care if it's the end of the world," with that, Dimmond leads Hannibal down the hallway, down the stairway, through the entry hall and through the dining room into a large office.

It had floor to ceiling bookshelves on one of the walls, a bay window in the middle, and a wall of certificates and degrees with a tea cart with a crystal decanter of what Hannibal assumed was expensive liquor on top, as well as four glasses beside it. Then after a bit of elbow room there was a solid wood desk with a leather chair. Two leather chairs sat on the other side of the desk, in-conference, and there was a leather tufted couch facing the bookshelves.

Budge was standing in front of the bay window, his hands clasped behind his back, back facing Hannibal and Dimmond. He turned partially and looked at them, smiling cooly, "That will be all, Sergeant Dimmond. You're dismissed. You can go back to writing your poetry," Budge teased with a raised brow.

Dimmond nodded, "Sir," then left the room, closing the door behind himself.

Hannibal looked to Budge quietly for a moment, before deciding to speak up, "Major Budge, I know you brought be here with your own agenda and I respect that, but if I may have a moment of your time as well to bring up a serious matter of concern regarding one of your men."

Budge nodded, furrowing his brow lightly as he took a seat at the desk, motioning for Hannibal to sit at one of the two leather seats in front of it, "Of course, Doctor Lecter. What is it that presses you?"

"It's Sergeant Brown, sir. He's been harassing Will with increasing intensity. Last night, he would have sexually assaulted him in the hallway in the dead of night if not for Sergeant Dimmond intervening," Hannibal informed him gravely.

Budge pursed his lips, lining his fingertips together as he sat back in his seat while looking away pensively, "So I see," Budge said, then didn't say anything else for another few

moments, before standing again and looking to the other alpha, "Doctor Lecter, put a pin in that for a moment and follow me."

Hannibal was angered by the fact that Will's plight seemed to garner no sympathy, nor immediate corrective action, but the blonde alpha clenched his jaw and nodded curtly, trying his best to keep his face neutral as he follows after the dark skinned alpha, who leads out of the room.

Budge leads Hannibal through the main hall into the kitchen, passing by Froideveaux on his way to the pantry. Budge opens a door that leads out to the rear of the property, and they go down a short set of steps before Budge steps to the left and quickly grabs Hannibal by the elbow to keep him from continuing forward.

That's the only warning Hannibal has before a snarling, grunting, screaming infected alpha ran full speed at him, only to get stopped short by a belt wrapped around his neck that was attached to a sturdy, long chain.

The alpha had two inches of pale blonde hair, was pale, average build and height, and blue eyes… He had blood splattered all over his face and body, and matted in his hair. His pupils were constricted, his scleras a bloody red.

Hannibal's eyes couldn't help but widen in surprise as the infected alpha wildly swung his arms around, trying to grab either of the uninfected men who were barely a foot away from his reach.

Once the initial shock passed, Hannibal tilted his head curiously, narrowing his eyes as he looked at the infected's holdings then back at Budge, "Will said when we arrived, he could hear the faint echo of a chained up infected somewhere on the property. I almost didn't believe him."

Budge looked at Hannibal, "An opportunistic case study. Doctor Lecter, meet Mason Verger. Mason Verger, Doctor Lecter. Private Verger was doing a perimeter patrol, and as usual for the ever cocky Private, he wasn't paying attention. He became infected two days before your pack arrived. An unfortunate turn of events, but we must make the most of things."

Hannibal shifted his focus from Verger to Budge, "What have you learned so far?"

Budge gave a noncommittal frown, "That he'll never have another conversation. That he'll never again raise livestock. That he'll never again break bread. That he'll never sire and rear children," Budge then looked to Verger, "And eventually, he will educate us on how long it takes the infected to starve to death."

Without another word, Budge moves behind Hannibal and back up the stairs, into the house again. Hannibal stares at the snarling and flailing infected Private Verger for another few seconds before following Budge back into the house.

Budge walks back through the house into the office again, Hannibal following and closing the door behind himself. Hannibal frowns as Budge walks around the desk and picks up two of the crystal glasses, placing them onto the desk. The alpha then takes the crystal decanter

full of amber liquid and pours two fingers of what Hannibal can now smell is a very fine whiskey into each glass, then puts the stopper back into the decanter and puts it back onto the tea cart.

Budge picks up one glass in each hand, stepping around the desk and walks over to Hannibal, holding a glass out to the blonde as he looks him in the eyes, "You said you were a trauma and neurosurgeon ER doctor in another life, Doctor Lecter."

Hannibal narrowed his eyes as he took the liquor, suspicious of the direction this conversation was going to lead that Budge felt the need to soften the blow preemptively, politely taking a small sip of the smooth whiskey, "I did, yes."

"We could use an alpha with those skills, and intelligence, around here," Budge said, taking a sip, before continuing after a moment of quiet, "We need to plan for the future. I need to know you are on board with us, Doctor Lecter."

Hannibal tensed, "I'm afraid I don't follow, Major Budge. Can you please elaborate."

Budge watched him with cool eyes, "Two days after the barricade was overrun by infected, after the seven of us barely escaped with our lives, I walked into the bathroom to take a shower and Private Dolarhyde was shaking with a pistol in his mouth. He lost his mate Reba at the barricade and didn't see a future anymore, Doctor Lecter..."

Hannibal's eyes widened as he slowly put the glass on the desk, his jaw clenching in rage… And maybe even a little in fear of what this could possibly mean.

Budge watched Hannibal, but didn't stop talking, "I promised them a future, Doctor Lecter. We'd lure in betas and omegas. I recorded the message, set up the broadcast on the radio with a gasoline powered generator that had one man a day stationed with a walkie-talkie… And then we waited, Doctor Lecter," Budge then took a sip from his whiskey.

Hannibal didn't stay a moment longer, bolting out of the office and running through the dining room then into the main hall. He nearly crashed into a confused and armed Dimmond, who called after him in concern as he ran up the stairs as fast as he could. The alpha ran down the thankfully empty hallway to the girl's room.

Will had been laying on his stomach with his feet kicked up and head laying on folded arms, Abigail had been sitting cross legged on his back, and Mischa had been seated with her knees pulled up facing them. The three of them nearly jumped out of their skins when Hannibal burst into the room without knocking, Abigail losing her balance and toppling off Will and onto the bed with a yelp.

"Shit, Hannibal, what's wrong?" Will asked, pushing up onto all fours.

Hannibal grabbed Abigail and Mischa's wrists, pulling them both quickly off the bed and onto their feet with surprised yelps, saying firmly with urgency, "We need to leave, now."

Will looked at him with wide eyes and nodded, jumping off the bed and running after the three of them as Hannibal pulled the girls out of the room.

Abigail looked between the two men and then back at Will and Hannibal's door getting smaller as they ran further down the hall, "Will, the medical bag!"

"Fuck it! We'll hit another pharmacy! Starting after my first missed dose, I have five days of preheat before I go into heat. Run!" Will argued back.

They ran down the steps into the main hall, when suddenly Doemling stepped out from one of the doorways and smashed the butt of his gun square into Hannibal's nose, dropping him to the ground with one hit.

Will's eyes widened in fear as he grabbed Abigail and Mischa's wrists quickly and tried running through the doorway into the kitchen only for Brown to be standing there, armed and aimed with a smirk. Will backed up fearfully and then pulled them towards the back of the house only Dimmond to quickly come towards him with his gun raised.

Will's breath caught fearfully, eyes widening more, but Dimmond nodded for Will to get behind him, Will quickly pulling Abigail and Mischa behind Dimmond and pulling them into his chest, holding them close with his back to Dimmond as he looked fearfully over his shoulder.

"Fucking really, Antony!" Brown yelled, his gun now aimed at Dimmond.

"Come on, Sergeant. You know you want to breed them too," Doemling said with a smirk, his gun aimed at Dimmond.

"Sergeant, please, don't make this difficult," Dolarhyde added, having been in the dining room waiting with Doemling.

"No! This is rape! You're all disgusting!" Dimmond shouted back, refusing to move.

Brown looks and narrows his eyes at Doemling and Dolarhyde, who both nod at him, then looks back at Dimmond. Not another minute passes before the three of them suddenly rush the lanky alpha, who only shouts in surprise instead of pulling the trigger on them. Doemling wrestles the gun out of Dimmond's hands while Dolarhyde restrains the lanky alpha, and Brown has a satisfied grin on his face as he beats the lanky alpha bloody.

Hannibal had blinked hard a few times as he stared up at the ceiling, dazed and confused, and mildly concussed, bleeding heavily out his likely broken nose. He tried, feebly, to move, but everything around him was spinning. There were screams and shouts all around him, but it all sounded under water.

Budge knelt beside Hannibal and cupped his cheek, "It's a shame. We could have really used your abilities around here." The major stands and clasps his hands behind his back, watching as Brown continues to beat a now unresponsive Dimmond in Dolarhyde's arms for another moment before clearing his throat, Brown stopping his punch mid-swing.

"Sergeant Brown and Private Dolarhyde, please take Sergeant Dimmond and Doctor Lecter down to the basement. Restrain them, for now," Budge commands.

Both soldiers nod, Dolarhyde handing the now limp and groaning Dimmond over to Brown. The smaller alpha immediately hoists the lanky man, careless of his injuries, onto his shoulder like a sack of potatoes with a grunt. Meanwhile, Dolarhyde walks over to the still stunned Hannibal and kneels beside him, scooping him up bridal style with only some effort required despite Hannibal's height and muscle mass.

As the two soldiers leave with their charges, Budge walks closer to Will. The omega is glaring at him over his shoulder with his piercing blue eyes as he growls loudly, the girls shivering and crying into his chest as they hold onto him tightly.

"Private Froideaveux, I know you're hiding in the kitchen to avoid confrontation. If you would so kindly join us," Budge calls loudly, looking towards the kitchen doorway. After a few seconds, the short alpha hesitantly appears, fidgeting nervously, "Thank you. Please join Private Doemling in escorting the betas and omega up to the last bedroom, and assist them in changing if necessary. There should be a large variety of expensive evening gowns in that room's walk-in closet, if memory serves me right."

Froideaveux paused, looking at Will as he made a face then looked at Budge again, "Even the omega, Sir?"

Budge shrugged, "He's petite enough that he'll fit," then smirks in amusement, "Besides, I'm sure Matthew will get a laugh when he sees him."

Froideaveux nods, "Sir," then goes over to Will and the girls, his gun raised but not yey aimed, speaking softly, "Mister Graham, Misses Lecter and Hobbs, let's get going…"

Will glares at the short alpha, snarling, but Doemling walks up to them, his gun aimed, "Omega; Sergeant Brown might be fond of you, you'll find I'm quite indifferent so long as they're a pretty face. So if you'd like to stay pretty, you'll get moving."

Will glares back at the balding alpha with his piercing blue eyes but grabs one of Abigail and Mischa's wrists each, quickly pulling them up the steps. The balding alpha snickers and follows after them, keeping his gun aimed on them. Froideaveux quickly follows, frowning.

Will pulls the girls into Hannibal and his room and shuts the door behind himself, pressing his back against it and squeezing his eyes shut tight. It's quiet for a moment, before Doemling tries opening the door unsuccessfully once before shoving his way into the room, Will falling to the ground with a yelp.

The girls quickly run to the far corner of the room as Will scrambles to scoot back away from Doemling as the soldier walks into the room, followed by Froideaveaux. Will's head and shoulders hit the bed and he quickly pulls himself up to standing, swallowing nervously as he looks between the two armed soldiers.

Suddenly, Will dives forward, cupping Froideaveaux's face as he kisses him hard, closed lipped on the mouth. Froideaveaux jumped in surprise, blushing darkly, too surprised to even kiss back, as Doemling barked out a laugh.

Will pulled back a couple inches but kept eye contact with Froideaveaux, still cupping his face, speaking softly, "We'll get changed into your dresses, nice and pretty for you boys, yeah? But you have to give us privacy, okay? Just… Just give the girls thirty minutes to get changed. It's only polite."

Doemling rolled his eyes as Froideaveaux nodded, the short alpha looking at Will in wonder. Will pulled his hands away and stepped back, Froideaveaux swallowing nervously as he looked Will up and down, a gleam of hunger in his eyes that wasn't there before, "Come on, Private Domeling," he said quietly before they both left the room, the door shutting behind them.

Will wanted to throw up, but shook his head and quickly ran over to the pile of their bags, pulling out the medical duffle and unzipping it. He dug through the bag quickly, bottles and packages toppling out carelessly, until he found what he was looking for.

The omega jumped up and opened the bottle, ripping the security seal off with his fang before taking Mischa's hand and carefully pouring a few of the pills into her palm before doing the same to Abigail.

Both girls looked at Will, alarmed and fearful, Mischa whispering, "Are you trying to kill us?"

Will looked at them, devastated, but quickly shook his head while trying to force a reassuring smile, "No, sweet girl, I'm just making it so you don't care…" He put a hand behind each of their heads and kissed their foreheads, "Swallow them, please, quick. We don't have much time. We still have to change."

The girls both nodded, dry swallowing the pills with some difficulty but succeeding in the end. Abigail looked to Will with a frown as he quickly put the bottle back in the bag, taking out his bottle of suppressants and dry swallowing a pill before shoving everything quickly back into the bag and zipping it shut, hiding the bag under the bed.

"Will, you didn't take any…" the brunette teen said worriedly, taking a step towards the older man.

Will sighed as he stood, "Unfortunately, one of us has to have their wits about them, just in case…" he forced a smile again, "I'll be okay. Now, both of you, let's get dressed."

Abigail forced an uneasy smile back to the omega as he quickly walked over to the double-doored closet, followed by Mischa. As Will opened the doors and pulled the cord to turn on the closet light, Abigail noticed her head was already starting to feel a little fuzzy, and she sighed in relief.

It was going to be a long night.

Chapter 11

"Hey, are you awake?"

Hannibal winced at the splitting pain in his skull, but opened his eyes and looked around the dimly lit room. He quickly realized his one wrist was handcuffed tightly to pipes that ran vertically through the ceiling. He looked to his left, and Dimmond was handcuffed similarly about fifteen feet away.

"I am now. It's good to hear your voice, Sergeant Dimmond," the blonde replied as he assessed the lanky man's wounds as well as he could from afar.

The way the scarce light caught on Dimmond's skin, Hannibal could tell the lanky alpha was not only sweating but also taking in fast and shallow breaths; he most likely had a broken rib that punctured a lung, which has since collapsed. His right eye was swollen shut from a broken eye socket, and he was bleeding from a split lip and broken nose. There was also possibly head trauma, given the blood that had leaked from his hair down the left side of his face.

Hanninbal frowned grimly as he came to the conclusion that Dimmond likely wasn't going to be alive for much longer. It was only a matter of time before the lanky alpha went into shock or cardiac arrest.

The blonde looked down at his handcuffed wrist and considered dislocating his thumb to escape, as he could relocate it promptly anyway. If he did, however, he had to time it right, or else he was causing himself pain needlessly with no benefit. He may even end up angering his captors into killing him on-sight.

"They're insane, you know," Dimmond said roughly before coughing wetly. Hannibal looked at the other man again, Dimmond's mouth dark from blood as the man continued, "I've seen European fighter jets flying overhead. No one wants to hear it... But I think we've been quarantined. The whole country," Dimmond tilts his bloody head back, shifting slightly while gasping shakily for air, "Waiting out the infection, until it's safe to come back for survivors…"

Hannibal looks at the ground, brow furrowed as he tries to remember if he'd seen anything in the sky since Baltimore's power went out two and a half weeks ago, "A quarantine…?"

It sounded absurd.

It couldn't be.

Could it?

The door at the top of the steps opens, shining light down into the basement from around the silhouette standing in the doorway. Hannibal looks up, frowning again as an armed Brown

and Dolarhyde walk down the stairs. Dolarhyde hands his gun over to Brown before walking up to Dimmond, then crouches down.

Dimmond smiles tight-lipped at Dolarhyde as the broad alpha uncuffs the Sergeant from the pipe only to cuff his other wrist, before pulling the lanky man up to his feet. Dimmond groans in pain and Dolarhyde frowns before saying, "Don't run. I'll catch you."

"I wouldn't dream of it, Francis," Dimmond says with a flirting tone as he leans heavily against the wall, blood slowly starting to drip down from the corner of his mouth. Dolarhyde stands and walks over to Hannibal, but Dimmond continues, "I remember when you joined, Francis. I was your Corporal for a few months, before my promotion to Sergeant. Do you remember?"

Dolarhyde pauses, then looks back at Dimmond, conflict in his eyes, "I do," he then turns back and crouches down, uncuffing Hannibal from the pipe before cuffing the blonde to his other wrist.

Dolarhyde helps the slightly shorter alpha to his feet and Hannibal gives a small smile to the broad alpha, "Thank you, Private Dolarhyde."

Ocean-blue eyes look into amber eyes quietly for a moment before nodding, then turns back to walk over to Brown and takes his gun back from the Sergeant.

Brown smirks at the bloody, handcuffed alphas staring back at him, "Let's go, you two. The sooner we take care of this, the sooner the rest of us get to have some fun."

Hannibal tries to hold back his snarl and keep his face neutral, but Dimmond doesn't. He spits in Brown's face, blood-mixed saliva speckling the Sergeant's pale features as he reflexively blinks as it hits it's mark, Dimmond gritting out afterwards, "Pig."

Brown snarls and takes a step forward but Dolarhyde quickly grabs him by the sleeve with a white knuckle grip, stopping the smaller man, "With respect, Major Budge said to take them out back, Sergeant Brown."

Brown huffs and rolls his eyes, shrugging Dolarhyde off before wiping his face, "Yeah, whatever," he looked to the two handcuffed alphas, nodding to the stairs, "Let's go, you two."

Hannibal and Dimmond make their way up the steps, Dolarhyde having to help Dimmond as he gasps for breath. They lead the two handcuffed alphas out of the house and through a path down the lawn, until they're at the rear corner of the property where they dump the bodies of the infected from the lawn.

Hannibal and Dimmond turn around in front of the mass grave, both of them quietly staring down the armed alphas from ten feet away, before Dimmond snarls, "Shoot me first, you cowards!"

Brown narrowed his eyes mischievously, a crooked grin creeping onto his face as he took the bayonet knife for his gun off his thigh holster and attached it, "I'm going to enjoy this."

Dolarhyde's eyes widened in alarm, raising his gun from its resting position immediately, "Sergeant Brown, what do you think you're doing? Shoot him!"

At the same time as Dolarhyde, Dimmond cried out, "What, are you going to stick me like a pig? Oh, fuck you!"

Brown grins widely, charging towards Dimmond-- but before he gets close, Dolarhyde has quickly side-stepped for a clear shot, shooting Dimmond once in the forehead.

Dimmond drops like a sack of bricks to the ground.

Brown screams in reflex, before whipping back towards Dolarhyde and sucker punching him in the gut. The taller alpha grunts in both surprise and pain as he drops to one knee, glaring up at Brown.

"What's wrong with you! You could have shot me, you stupid grunt!" Brown screamed in his face.

"The shot was clear, you were in no immediate danger," Dolarhyde stated as he got back up on his feet, holding his gun in the relaxed position again.

Brown huffed and turned back around, only for Hannibal to no longer be standing there, having taken advantage of their little squabble over killing Dimmond to escape, "Great! Now Lecter's gone."

Dolarhyde frowned as he pointed up, "His shirt is on the barbed wire. He must have dislocated his thumb and gotten out of the handcuffs… We need to tell Major Budge."

Brown snarled, but after a moment smirked, "He's half naked, weaponless, no vehicle, no supplies. He's dead out there. Come on."

Hannibal laid quietly in the dead leaves on the other side of the hedge lined fence as he listened to them talk, staring up at the sky. He then continued to listen as their footsteps fade, and listened to the sound of thunder rumbling in the distance as a storm approached.

And then his eyes widened when he heard it: the distinct sound of a jet approaching in the distance. He blinked in disbelief, looking around until he saw it.

'Dimmond might have been right,' he thought idly to himself as he huffed a small laugh.

After another moment of watching the jet fly overhead, Hannibal pops his thumb back into place with a wince then gets up on his feet. He considers re-cuffing the other half of the handcuff to the wrist that is still cuffed, but then decides against it, figuring it could serve as a weapon if he was desperate enough.

He closes his eyes and takes a calming breath. When he opens them again, he starts running.

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In another situation, in another world-- where armed soldiers weren't dressing them up with disgusting intentions-- Will might have laughed at the sight of the girls and himself. Abigail was the only one whose dress actually fit her properly. And in another world, she might have smiled at seeing herself in such a beautiful navy blue velvet a-line gown, with swarovski crystals hand-sewn into small but elegant star designs around the bateau neckline.

Will looked at himself in the mirror from the corner of his eye and scoffed. Yes, he was an omega and yes, omegas are typically petite bodied and basically hairless; but that doesn't suddenly make him a beta or give him a woman's curves. The off-the-shoulder forest green satin ball gown sat all sorts of wrong on his distinctly male frame, though Abigail had managed to zip the dress shut somehow without breaking the zipper.

And then there was Mischa, who was two inches shorter than Abigail. The light coral high neck, empire waist lace dress she wore was a little loose in the chest but the neckline hid it well, and the length dragged slightly on the ground, despite being the shortest dress they could find.

When Doemling finally opens the door again, stepping into the room for a second time that night, Will had just finished zipping Mischa into her gown.

Will turns to see the alpha sneering at him and glares right back at him, "Alright. We're dressed. Now what."

Doemling looks unamused at Will for a moment, then looks behind Will to Abigail and Mischa and furrows his brow for a few seconds before shoving the omega roughly out of the way with a yelp.

Froideveaux steps into the room now that Doemling wasn't blocking the doorway, looking between Will and Doemling confused.

Will bites the inside of his lip as Doemling grabs Abigail's face roughly by the chin, forcing her to look up at him. The teen grabs his wrist in reflex with both hands but her grip is weak, and as Doemling looks down at her calm face he realizes her eyes are dilated.

Doemling starts to growl loudly in anger as he lets go of her face, only to quickly grab Mischa's chin just as roughly. She doesn't even lift her arms from her sides as he forces her to look up to him with calm, dilated eyes.

Will swallows nervously and flinches when Doemling looks at him, the balding alpha seething as he quickly closes the distance between himself and the brunette before backhanding Will hard across the face, Will falling to the ground from the force, "What the hell did you give them, you stupid bitch."

Will winces as he pushes himself up onto his hands and knees, then wipes his bleeding split bottom lip on the back of his hand, glaring up at Doemling, "Fuck off."

A flash of lightning lit up the room suddenly before loud thunder roared outside, and the skies that had been rapidly darkening suddenly opened up into a heavy downpour.

Doemling snarls and kicks Will hard in the left lower ribs, a soft crack sounding when the boot connects before the omega dropped to the ground as the wind was knocked out of him. The brunette curls up on his side as he coughs, wrapping his arms around his torso in pain.

Mischa and Abigail gripped each other's hand as they took a few quiet steps back, watching everything happen in a drugged haze.

Froideveaux watches in wide-eyed shock before realizing Doemling was rearing his leg back for another kick. He quickly shoves the other alpha as hard as he could, throwing the balding man off balance and stumbling a few feet away, "Private Doemling, stop it! Are you crazy! He's nearly half your size!"

Abigail and Misha drop down to Will's side as he pushes himself onto his hands and knees for a second time, his face scrunched in pain as one of his hands tenderly hold his sore left side, where Doemling's boot had connected, but tries to smile to them anyway even though it looks more like a grimace, speaking softly, "I'm fine, girls."

Doemling glares at Froideveaux, then shifts his glare down to the two betas helping Will up off the floor, "Get up, before I kick you again. Major Budge wants all of us down in the sitting room."

Will glares venomously at Doemling before putting a hand on the small of each of the girl's backs, guiding them out of the room, his voice gentle, "Come on…"

The girls walked down the steps in front of Will with Froideveaux behind him and Doemling following in the rear; Mischa having to hold her dress up slightly to keep from stepping on it and tripping. When they reached the first floor, Will took the girls by the wrists and looked at the two alphas, not entirely sure where the sitting room was.

Froideveaux took a few steps down the hall, past the door leading into the kitchen, looking back and nodding for them to follow, "This way, please."

Will took a step forward but apparently it wasn't fast enough for Doemling, as the balding alpha shoved him right between the shoulderblades. Will stumbled a few steps forward, accidentally yanking the girls along with him as they gasped in surprise. He then grit his teeth as he growled, but kept walking forward.

"Will, my wrist hurts," Mischa says as she looks up to the omega, who flinches and lets go of them both immediately, not realizing how tight his grip had been.

"I'm so sorry," he whispered guiltily.

"It's okay, Will," Abigail replied.

Froideveaux opened a door and walked inside, Will following after with the girls on his heels. Doemling walked in behind them, shutting the door and staying there.

Will cautiously looked around the spacious room as the girls nonchalantly walked past him as lightning flashes, thunder rumbling loudly a few moments later.

There were two long leather couches facing each other, and a tufted velvet loveseat at the one end of the two sofas. Across from the loveseat, on the other end of the couches, was a large bay window. A tea cart sat in front of the window with a crystal decanter nearly full of amber liquid, and three crystal glasses. There was a short wood and glass coffee table in between the three couches, and four matching end tables cornering off the couches. There was an elegant rug on the floor in the center of the room.

Abigail and Mischa sit back on one of the couches, two feet apart, and look around the room curiously. Will quietly walks over and sits between them, sighing through his nose as he looks at the armed soldiers standing around the room, fidgeting with his dress nervously.

Budge was looking out the window, sipping from a glass of the amber liquid-- whiskey, from what Will could smell. He turned and looked at the three on the couch for a moment, "Would any of you three like a drink?"

"They can't have any," Will firmly replied, the girls looking at him blankly.

Budge frowned, then smiled cooly as he laughed softly, "Mister Graham, I know they're not of age--"

"The omega drugged them, sir," Doemling cuts the major off, glaring at Will as he spoke, and getting a glare right back in return.

Budge blinked in surprise for a moment, before nodding once, "So I see," the dark skinned alpha takes another sip of the whiskey, then raises a brow, "You're sober, Mister Graham. Whiskey?"

Will looks at the major and shakes his head, "No. Thanks."

Another flash of lightning, thunder cracking loudly immediately after before rumbling into the distance.

Budge nodded, then made eye contact with Brown and nodded once more before turning back to look out the bay window as the rain continued to pour from the dark skies.

Will watched Budge and his eyes widened, quickly turning on the sofa to look behind them to see Brown walking around towards him with a satisfied, crooked smile as he slung his gun by the strap over his shoulder.

"Let's go, Mister Graham."

Will looked around the room quickly as the alpha walked closer, desperately hoping that maybe one of the others would have a change of heart, before looking at the green-eyed alpha as he stood up. He started slowly backing away as he shook his head, holding his hands out to try to keep him away, "Please… I'm not even in heat, what's the point..."

Brown grinned, grabbing one of Will's wrists in a vice grip, "Practice," he said with a teasing tone, before starting to pull the frantically struggling and whimpering omega with him towards the door with little effort.

Abigail stood and took two steps towards them, before Dolarhyde stepped between Abigail and the two men. All Abigail could do was stand there and watch as Doemling stepped out from in front of the door, as Will clawed at Brown's grip on his wrist.

Suddenly, the power went out without warning. Everyone looked around in confusion, even Brown stopped where he stood. The green-eyed alpha looked across the room to Budge, "Do you think the storm knocked the power out?"

Budge frowned, "Sergeant, I really wish you would have listened sometimes when Dimmond spoke. The power in this building runs on solar energy collected from the panels on the roof. The wiring panels and energy cells are both kept in the basement. It couldn't have been knocked out by the storm."

Dolarhyde looked at Brown with a frown for a moment, then at Budge, "Major Budge, I apologize for not informing you sooner, but Doctor Lecter escaped when you ordered us to execute him, sir... We should check for sabotage."

Will stopped struggling in Brown's grip immediately, his piercing blue eyes wide with hope as he whips around to look at Dolarhyde, "Hannibal's still alive…?"

Dolarhyde purses his lips as he looks at Will, but quickly looks away in shame at seeing the look in the omega's eyes, "It's possible."

Budge narrows his eyes at the interaction, then walks towards the door, "Private Doemling, you're the best after Dimmond at electrical; come with me. We need to get the power back on. Sergeant Brown, check the first floor windows and doors; make sure the house is secured. Everyone else, stay together and stay alert."

"Sir," both soldiers respond, Doemling following Budge out the door.

Brown on the other hand, turns and grabs the omega's face and kisses him hard on the lips before letting the other brunette go. He winks with a grin as Will shoves himself back Brown with a snarl, before taking his gun off his shoulder and leaving the room.

Will stands there for a moment, rubbing his sore wrist gently, before going over to Abigail and guiding her to sit back down, sitting between the girls again.

Mischa looked at Will, "My brother may still be alive, Will?"

Will went back to rubbing his wrist, looking down at it and pursing his lips at the bruise that's already forming, "Yeah…" He looked up and smiled at Mischa, "He's going to help get us out of this mess."

Another flash of lightning, but as the loud roaring thunder rumbles in the sky, gunfire rings out in the rear of the property.

Right outside the kitchen.

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

What had previously been a ten minute, five mile drive in the Bentley from the forty-second United States military blockade to the soldier's base at the estate on the edge of town, had now become a thirty-nine minute run. It was a necessary, calculated risk. He needed at least one loaded gun for what he wanted to do, and he knew he saw at least one of them left behind at the blockade.

He only hoped they were still loaded.

As Hannibal slows to a stop in the middle of the blockade, he crosses his arms over his head for a moment as he catches his breath for a brief moment while looking around. The heavy rain was washing sweat into his eyes, making them burn.

The alpha jogged into the blockade, through the doors, carefully navigating around Beverly's corpse decaying on the ground. He paused and looked around, pushing his hair out of his face, then saw one on the ground in the far corner.

He jogged over and picked up the gun, which already had a bayonet attached. He checked for ammunition in the rifle's magazine, and was relieved when there were still eight bullets remaining.

Enough for his purpose.

He jogged back out of the blockade and over to a humvee, shutting the passenger doors then going around to the driver side and shutting the rear door, before closing his eyes and turning the key that was still in the ignition. To his delight, the humvee roars to life as a flash of lightning dances across the sky, a loud rumble of thunder following as he opens his eyes with determination.

The alpha floors the gas pedal, and while it does not pick up speed like a sports car, the humvee is soon shooting down the road. He stops the vehicle twenty feet back from the gates, cutting off the engine and leaving the keys in the ignition.

He gets out of the vehicle, slinging the gun by the strap over his shoulder, and goes around the perimeter of the property to where he had jumped over the fence with the aid of his shirt to protect his hands from the barbed wire before. He hops the fence again, and crouches over to one of the two egress windows for the basement on this side of the house.

The first window is locked, but when he tries the other it's open, and it slides open with ease. Hannibal smirks and drops down into the dark basement. He walks over to where he remembers seeing the house's solar panel inverter earlier, his hands out in front of him to help him now that the storm has robbed him of daylight.

His fingers finally touch cool, smooth steel and he smirks, shaking his hands quickly of any remaining moisture before opening the doors of the casing and starts feeling around the wiring carefully in the dark as he listens to the hum of the machinery.

Another calculated risk; he could just as easily get electrocuted as he could sabotage the house's electrical grid. But it was, again, a risk he needed to take to save his pack.

He hooks his index and middle fingers of his left hand under two wires and the index and middle fingers of his right hand under three wires on the other side of the panel. He closes his eyes and takes a calming breath.

Above, he can hear the muffled sound of one set of feet shuffling as they're dragged across the floor by another.

He rips all the wires out at the same time and the pleasant hum of machinery suddenly stops. Hannibal opens his eyes and looks up, listening as he hears both sets of footsteps above him come to an immediate stop. He smirks, then runs quietly back to the window and quickly climbs back out, closing it behind him.

The blonde alpha crouches as he runs around the side of the building. He runs over and hops the currently dead electric fence then climbs the wrought iron fence, straddling the top as he thanked gods he wasn't sure existed for this portion not having barbed wire on top. He aimed the rifle at the infected alpha, chained up just outside of the kitchen's back door.

Then he lowered his gun a fraction, to aim at the chain tethering him to a bolt in the ground.

Yet another calculated risk.

He pulled the trigger until the chain popped apart, the jerking and snarling infected looking around wildly in the rain, listening, before running towards the sound of voices coming from inside the bay window.

Hannibal smirked, slinging the now empty gun over his shoulder as he carefully climbed down.

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"That sounded like gunfire…!" Froideveaux said, looking around the room anxiously.

Will stood quietly. He knew it had been gunfire, eight bullets to be exact. Six of them hit a chain before the chain gave out, said chain now clinking in the wind as an infected was running their way outside. He leaned down and grabbed Abigail's wrist then Mischa's wrist, pulling them both up with a surprised, "Oh."

Dolarhyde had walked over to the bay window after Brown left and was staring out it, but looked back at the four in the room with mild annoyance, "It is probably just Private Doemling and Major Budge."

Lightning flashes, lighting up the room as thunder loudly roars through the skies as Dolarhyde turns back around, only for Verger to be snarling at him from outside. Dolarhyde's

eyes widen as Verger lunges through the glass window, glass flying everywhere as the smaller infected tackles the surprised larger alpha to the ground.

Will's eyes widen in fear as he backs himself and the girls away quickly, watching the larger alpha desperately try to fight off the infected until Verger suddenly dives his head forward and takes a chunk out of Dolarhyde's forearm. Dolarhyde cries out in pain as Verger spits it out and keeps trying to attack the larger man, who is quickly and visibly losing strength as he groans on the ground.

Realizing there's about to be two infected loose in the house, the omega quickly pulls the girls out of the room, the door banging shut behind them.

"Will! Stop pulling me!" Mischa whined as she held her dress up with her other hand, trying not to trip over it as they ran towards the front doors.

Will ignored her and kept running, but then stopped immediately when the door opened and Brown walked in. The two girls ran into his back, making him stumble forward another step as he panted fearfully.

The green-eyed alpha looked at them in confusion for a second before aiming his gun at them in anger, "Where the fuck do you three think you're going?"

Suddenly, Froideveaux's scream rang out as he ran out of the sitting room then into the office across the hall. Brown watched, first in confusion then in alarm, as an infected Mason ran out of the sitting room a moment later after the short alpha and into the office.

Brown looked at Will, "Get upstairs, first bedroom. Now," Will hesitated, then heard the sound of an infected Dolarhyde running into the hall, Brown looking at the large infected alpha anxiously, "I said now, omega!" He quickly pushed both betas towards the steps.

The girls both growled in frustration, at getting pushed by Brown and pulled by Will, as they ran up the steps, their heads still clouded by the drugs.

Will opened the first door like he was told and shoved Abigail inside, but Mischa slips out of his grip and runs down the hall. His blood runs cold and he goes to run after her, but Brown quickly grabs him around the waist and pulls him back as he screams, "Mischa! Mischa, no!"

"Shut the fuck up, they're going to hear you," Brown says as he throws Will into the room and shuts the door behind himself, the omega stumbling and tripping on his own dress, falling hard to the ground in a heap with a small groan.

Abigail goes over to Will, tucking her hair out of her face before helping him get back up, "Are you okay?"

Will forces a smile and nods, holding his still sore ribs from earlier, "I'm fine, Abigail. Thank you."

Will's ears caught the sound of Dolarhyde running up the steps, looking towards the door and holding his breath.

In the hallway, Dolarhyde snarls and jerks, listening, then runs into the second to last bedroom where the door had been left open. The infected alpha grunts, looking around wildly at the empty room, before running back out of the room.

Mischa slides out from under the bed, careful as to not to catch the lace of her dress on the metal undercarriage of the frame. She then sits up and sighs, numbly looking down at the photo of her family as they smile back up at her.

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Hannibal watched as Verger chased Froideveaux through the study into the dining room from the bay window, then lost sight of them as they both ran into the entry hall. The blonde alpha quickly followed around the outside of the house, watching from the windows as Budge and Doemling came up from the basement with flashlights, Budge looking frustrated.

They paused, before Budge spoke to Doemling. Doemling went into the kitchen, gun raised, while Budge went back towards the office quickly. Hannibal moved to look into the kitchen window, where a twitching and jerking Verger was just staring down a smirking Doemling, who hadn't fired yet.

Idiot.

Dolarhyde suddenly runs into the room, tackling Doemling to the ground. Doemling starts struggling against the larger alpha immediately, and perhaps he might have only gotten infected, if it weren't for Mason diving in on the pile as well.

Even from outside, in the pouring rain, Hannibal hears when the balding alpha's neck snaps and his screams stop. He smiles softly.

The two infected alphas let go of the limp corpse and stand, jerking before running out of the kitchen. Hannibal is turning to leave when movement in the kitchen catches his eye, looking in again to see Froideveaux climbing out from inside the kitchen cabinet under the sink.

Hannibal narrows his eyes and runs for the front door and hides, his gun in hand, listening as he hears Froideveaux's heavy footsteps running out of the kitchen and to the door. Hannibal steps out and lunges, spearing Froideveaux right between the ribs into his lung with the bayonet at the end of his gun.

Froideveaux grabs his shoulders weakly as he stares at him in pain, confusion, and shock for a moment as Hannibal stares back with a cold smile. Lightning flashes as the shorter alpha's knees buckle, Hannibal watching as he falls to the floor, thunder rumbling in the distance as the blonde runs up the stairs without bothering to pull the bayoneted gun from the dying alpha's chest as he lays on his side, blood starting to pool on the floor.

Hannibal runs down the hall to the last bedroom and throws the door open, growling when he sees an empty room. He runs over to the bags to grab the medical bag and frowns in confusion at seeing it missing, but purses his lips and cuts their losses. They'll hit another pharmacy.

The blonde alpha runs out of the room and throws the door to Mischa and Abigail's room open, eyes widening in relief as the drugged beta looks up at him from where she sat on the floor on the other side of the king bed. He quickly ran over to her and hugged her.

"Hello, brother. I am relieved to see that you are still alive," she said, slightly drowsy from listening to the rain in the dark.

Hannibal frowned and pulled back, looking her in the face carefully as he held her by her biceps gently, "Mischa, my heart, are you intoxicated?"

A flash of lightning lit up the room, the thunder rumbling softly.

Mischa nodded, simply stating, "Will said it was to make us not care."

Hannibal winced, nodding, "Did anyone touch you inappropriately, my dear?" Mischa shook her head. The alpha sighed in relief and kissed her head before helping her to her feet, "Come on, we need to find Will and Abigail quickly."

The older blonde took her hand and started to lead her quickly out of the room, Mischa quickly grabbing her dress with the other hand and holding it up after nearly tripping when halfway out of the room, "They're with Sergeant Brown, in the first bedroom, Brother."

Hannibal nodded and they ran to the room, Hannibal letting go of her hand as he threw the door open.

Abigail was curled up on the floor in one corner of the room by the dresser, which had nothing on it but a glass vase full of dead roses and of the pack's machetes. Brown was in the other corner of the room, an arm around Will's throat as he tried to aim the gun despite the thrashing, painicking omega.

Hannibal charged at the other alpha, snarling, who threw Will to the side in a last-second effort to aim the gun at the other alpha.

But it was too late.

Hannibal gripped the other man by the head and slammed it hard back against the wall a few times as the green-eyed alpha struggled and screamed, quickly disorienting the man and making him drop his gun. The blonde then threw him to the ground, Brown rolling over once before landing on his back. The younger alpha tried sitting up as blood dripped out his ears, but Hannibal straddled him quickly and started laying into him blow after blow.

Will watched, transfixed, as he trembled from ten feet away, before his eyes darted to the machete on the dresser only a foot away. The brunette quickly grabbed the weapon and held it out firmly in front of himself, his bottom lip trembling as tears rolled down his cheeks. His throat clicked as he swallowed.

Thunder rumbled in the distance, but no lightning this time.

Brown tried to weakly grab or push the older alpha, but then Hannibal took his head in his hands and snapped his neck with a loud crack, Brown's arms dropping instantly to the floor,

green eyes staring lifelessly up at the ceiling as the blonde let the younger alpha's head drop against the floor.

Hannibal stood, his back to the others for a moment before he turned and faced Will, staring into his terrified blue eyes. The room was too dark even for Will's heightened omega senses to see Hannibal's eyes from this distance, and he had just watched Hannibal beat a man to death.

Hannibal all but ran to Will, who immediately whimpered and whipped back the machete…

Only to stop his swing just as the blade was about to break diagonally into the alpha's throat, the omega's hands violently shaking in their white-knuckle grip as Hannibal stood perfectly still, smiling softly at Will, "That was more than a heartbeat."

Will huffed out a laugh in disbelief, dropping the machete and cups Hannibal's face, kissing him as he sobs in joy and relief. Hannibal smiles into it, holding him close as he kisses back, turning them as they kiss.

And then Abigail breaks the glass vase on his head.

Hannibal grunts in pain as he holds the back of his now tender head, looking at the glass on the ground and quietly grateful it was thin glass.

Will quickly starts to check to see if the alpha is bleeding, chiding disappointedly, "Abigail!"

"I thought he was biting you..!" The blue eyed beta whined as she pouted.

"I was kissing him, my dear," Hannibal said with a sigh.

"We should go soon," Mischa said from the doorway

Hannibal looked at her and nodded, then to Will, "Can you hear the infected? Can we get to the Bently safely?"

Will closed his eyes for a moment, "Dolarhyde is in the office, Mason is in the sitting room. If we're quick, we can outrun them."

Hannibal nods, walking over to pick up Brown's gun and then picks up the machete, handing the blade to Will with a smile.

"The gates are unlocked. We just need to drive out of here. Mischa, sit up front with me please."

They go to the door, and Hannibal looks back to them with his hand on the knob before nodding and opening the door. Hannibal and Mischa hand in hand followed by Will and Abigail hand in hand as the four run down the hall, down the steps, down the pathway, and to the Bently.

Hannibal opens the driver's seat door and gets in, putting the key in the ignition and turning the car on immediately as Mischa gets into the passenger, in their rush neither realizing

there's already someone sitting in the back seat. Will opens the driver side door and hunches to slide in, Abigail standing behind him waiting, and freezes when he sees Budge sitting there, a pistol aimed at him.

"You killed my men," is the only warning Will gets before he's shot in the stomach, whimpering as falls forward into the car in pain, his hands trying to stop the bleeding.

Mischa looks out the window, sees Mason running towards the SUV and gets out, opening the back passenger door then gets back in quickly. Abigail realizes what she's doing and shoves Will the rest of the way into the vehicle, climbing in and shutting the door before shoving a confused Budge out the SUV onto the ground and pulling the door shut.

"DRIVE!" Both girls shout as the infected alpha descends on Budge, the dark skinned alpha screaming in terror. Hannibal throws the Bently into drive and floors it, the SUV speeding down the road.

Will manages to flip himself over so he's sitting up, his back against the window as both hands hold pressure on his wound as he pants slightly in pain, one eye squeezed shut as he looks to Hannibal in the rear view mirror, their eyes meeting and he smiles a little, "Eyes on the road, Doctor Lecter…"

"Where is the wound, Will?" Hannibal asked, voice thick with worry.

Will looked down at his bloody hands, blinking hard as he breathed in deep through his nose, before looking back up to Hannibal's amber eyes which were now on the road, "Lower right ribs…"

"It might have punctured your liver," Hannibal said quietly, his eyes meeting Will's once again in the rear view.

"Is that bad?" Abigail asked, looking between the two men, then at the slowly growing dark spot on Will's dress. When neither responded after a few minutes, "That sounds bad, is Will going to be okay?"

Will sighed through his nose, frowning and closing his eyes for a moment. Just a moment. He was getting so tired...

"Will, I need you to open your eyes and stay with me," the alpha ordered.

Will grunted and nodded, opening his eyes slightly as he looked from under his lashes at Hannibal in the rear view mirror, "Where else would I go?"

Chapter End Notes

It's not MCD. Epiloge to come soon.

EPILOGUE

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The four and a half mile drive from the soldier's house to the closest hospital with a trauma center, Harford Memorial, took nearly sixteen minutes because of the need to navigate around two flooded roads from the storm.

The Bently comes to an almost abrupt stop in front of the building's emergency room, Hannibal throwing the SUV into park behind an abandoned ambulance before cutting off the engine. The alpha jumps out and runs around to the rear passenger door, opening it quickly but carefully. He catches Will as the omega falls back out of the vehicle, eyeing the blood dripping down the inner door panel from the brunette's exit wound and frowns.

Mischa jumps out of the front passenger side and runs to the trunk, opening it and grabbing the flashlight and pack of batteries. She rips open the pack of batteries and fumbles to put the batteries inside before turning it on. Not only would it help herself once inside the building, as betas had the worst eyesight out of the three secondary sexes, but it would help Hannibal as well once he started working on Will.

"Will, you've lost a good amount of blood already, but I still have to care for your wound. Do you know your blood type?" Hannibal asks as he carefully pulls the omega out of the vehicle and lifts him bridal style, grateful they had driven out of the storm.

The omega's eyes are closed and he frowns, mumbling into the alphas chest as he buries his face.

"Will, your blood type. I need to know if any of us can help," The alpha repeats as he hurries through the open doors of the hospital's emergency department as the girls race after him.

"I'm AB…" Will mumbles.

Hannibal grimaces; of course the omega would be one of the rarest blood types.

"Girls, the doors to the left please!" Hannibal calls to them, the girls quickly picking up to run ahead of him and push open the double doors so he can go through. The electromagnetic locks on the doors throughout the building that normally needed ID cards for access were now useless without electricity, "Will, that's good, thank you. Now, do you remember if you're positive or negative?"

Will only whimpers in response.

"I know you're in pain, but you need to concentrate just a moment longer. Positive or negative," the blonde pushed as he continued running.

"I… I don't remember…" the omega stutters out, a tear going down his cheek.

"It's alright, Will. You've done so well," he soothes, and then shouts, "The doors to the right!"

The girls open the directed doors to reveal an operating room that was lined on the far wall with windows, the room dimly lit with a yellow glow from the setting sun. Hannibal is flooded with an almost overwhelming sense of relief when he sees the room is clean.

The apha quickly lays the brunette on the operating table in the center of the room, then looks to the blue-eyed teen, "Abigail, do you know what your blood type is?"

Abigail stands on the other side of Will, nodding quickly, "Yeah, I donated a couple times. I'm B negative. Can I help?"

Hannibal smiles slightly, "Yes. In fact, you're the only one I'll risk helping him. I'm O positive, Mischa is B positive. If either of us donate to him and Will turns out to actually be AB negative, he will clot and die. However, you can safely donate regardless of positive or negative statis."

Abigail looks down to Will and brushes his sweaty hair out of his face, "Tell me what to do."

"Take over holding pressure on his wound while we gather everything needed for the transfusion and surgery. We'll be back as quickly as we can," he pauses, then adds, "Keep him talking," the alpha looks over to his sister, "Mischa, my heart, come with me, I will need help."

The siblings run out of the room as Abigail slips her hands under Will's weak hands. He whimpers at the renewed pressure, but opens his piercing blue eyes a little and looks up to her as he tries to smile, "How's your head, Abigail?"

The teen huffs with a small smile, "I should be asking you that, you're the one bleeding everywhere."

Will nods a bit, humming, "Touche."

"We're practically going to be related when we're done with this, you know. You're going to owe me, big time, by the way. So, no dying on me, got it?" Abigail teased as she stared down at the pale, battered omega with worry.

Even the bullet wound aside, the older brunette looked like shit. All of the hits and falls he had taken earlier that day had caught up with him, leaving him covered in bright red bruises she could see even in the poor lighting, a couple of the older ones already beginning to purple.

The omega chuckled, closing his eyes slowly, "Yeah…"

"Hospitals usually have their own pharmacies, right? Do you think they'll have your suppressants here?" She asked, but when Will didn't answer after a moment her eyes widened anxiously.

"Will?" Still nothing, then she realized his lips were starting to turn blue and she looked at the doors, her face contorting in fear as she started panicking, "Hannibal…" her voice quivering

at first before escalating into screams, "Hannibal! HANNIBAL!"

It felt like a lifetime, but not even a full minute later both Hannibal and Mischa barreled into the room, a large plastic bin of medical supplies in each of their arms, Mischa's flashlight in her bin pointing up at the ceiling.

"Mischa, he needs CPR immediately,"
Hannibal instructs her in a calm but urgent tone as he places his plastic bin on the ground beside the operating table before he quickly starts setting up for the blood transfusion.

Mischa ran over and put her plastic bin down next to her brother, before running around to the other side of the table next to Abigail and began chest compressions, counting softly under her breath.

Hannibal reaches over and takes one of Abigail's arms, pulling that hand from keeping pressure on the wound, and cleans her inner elbow before finding her vein with ease and sticking her. She flinches but says nothing as he puts a stress ball in her bloody hand for her to flex before hanging the donation bag on a hook on the side of the operating table.

Misha breathes into Will's mouth twice before beginning a second set of compressions, counting under her breath again with each push.

The alpha ran to the back of the room and grabbed IV poles, bringing two over. He starts hanging various fluids, then quickly feeds a peripheral venous catheter into the omega's arm and attaches the fluids.

The older blonde then grabs trauma shears and starts cutting up the sides of the blood stained dress as quick as he can, maneuvering carefully around each of the betas to finish, "Both of you, lift for a moment," as soon as they did he pulled the front half of the dress off of Will, leaving the man laying on the back half of the dress in just his boxers, socks, and sneakers.

Both sides of his lower rib cage had bright red bruising and were swollen from broken ribs, and his knees were both bright red from bruising as well, though they had very little swelling so neither were likely broken.

Abigail quickly returns pressure to the wound with her free hand once the dress is gone while Mischa resumes compressions, soon finishing her second set before breathing into him twice again. She starts a third set of compressions, but after the ninth compression the omega's eyes flutter open as he groans softly, causing the small teen to pull off in relief, "Will!"

"Stop shouting," he softly whined; both of the girls laughed softly in response as they started to cry.

Hannibal smiles at the sound of the brunette's voice. Silently, the blonde wished the hospital still had electricity. Will needed an angiography, a CT scan, an abdominal ultrasound, an x-ray… He was going in practically blindfolded. If he hadn't graduated the top of his class, and been one of the most competent trauma surgeons he knew during his years in the ER, he might not even consider it.

He didn't want to mark Will up more than he had to, but without the use of digital imaging for laparoscopic surgery, the alpha was going to have to do an exploratory laparotomy. He'd have to work fast, even with Abigail's transfusion.

The alpha then cups the omega's cheek, "Will, I have to get started. I have to vertically cut down your abdomen, about seven and a half inches long, your navel around an inch above the bottom of the incision which will curve tightly around it. I need to stop the bleeding, potentially drain fluids, check your gallbladder, remove damaged tissue, close the entry and exit wounds… I'm not going to be able to use intravenous general anesthesia. Without the aid of monitoring or a ventilator, there's too many risks in putting you under. This will hurt."

Will looked up to him, piercing blue eyes full of trust as he nodded, "Okay."

Hannibal leans over and kisses the omega on the forehead. The alpha then checks the donation bag, sighing softly in relief at seeing the bag full. He quickly takes a cotton ball and bandage to Abigail's elbow as he removes the needle, then hangs the bag on an IV pole and feeds the line into Will's catheter.

While Hannibal was busy, Mischa had brought over two rolling stainless steel trolleys from the back of the room, placing one on each side of her brother and placing the bins of medical supplies on top of each trolley. The alpha gives his sister a small smile before pouring two containers of rubbing alcohol into a basin and cleanses his hands and wrists with the liquid before carefully drying with paper towels.

The older blonde then pulls a pair of clean gloves out of their box and puts them on, before looking to the blue-eyed teen across from him, "Remove your hand now, Abigail."

Mischa holds her flashlight overhead, pointing down at Will's abdomen for Hannibal as the young brunette pulls her bloody hand away. Hannibal doesn't waste a second, cleansing both the wound and the incision site with povidone–iodine.

"Let's begin."

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Piercing blue eyes flutter open, his hand quickly moving to shield his eyes from the sunlight that was glaring into the room from the windows as he winced, mumbling to himself, "The curtains are gone..."

Will yawns and stretches delicately, the healthy pink puckered scar tissue on his lower right ribs and the healthy pink scar tissue running down the middle of his abdomen both pulling smartly. He huffs softly and throws off the blankets before getting out of the queen bed, wearing boxers and flannel sleep pants. The brunette slips on his moccasin slippers before walking over to his and Hannibal's dresser.

The omega picks up a medication bottle sitting in front of their large mirror and opens it, taking out a capsule before closing the bottle and putting it back down. He pops the capsule in his mouth and picks up the half-full water bottle on the dresser, opening it and drinking

down the pill before capping the now nearly empty water bottle again. He places it back down with a sigh.

The brunette takes a step to the right, grabbing the pen clipped to the calendar hung on the wall, striking off today's date; November twenty-fourth. Today was circled, so he wouldn't forget it was the tenth and final day of taking his cephalexin.

Will steps back in front of the dresser and opens one of the drawers, taking out one of his teeshirts to put it on, but pauses to look up at himself in the mirror for a moment. He frowned at the weight he's lost since he was shot twenty eight days ago. They didn't have a scale in the house, so he wasn't exactly sure, but he'd guess he was down maybe fourteen or fifteen pounds.

It's not that he didn't want to eat. Hannibal made even canned food taste like it was cooked by a chef from a five-star restaurant. But his appetite first disappeared from the pain, and painkillers, after the surgery. Then, as the infection set in, his appetite loss only got worse. The final nail in the coffin was the antibiotic he's had to take four times a day for the past ten days, causing both stomach pain and indigestion, which inspired sleeping on the couch a whole lot more than it inspired eating.

But tomorrow was finally November twenty-fifth, which meant he'd be done with the antibiotic. So, hopefully, his appetite would start coming back. It would certainly be a relief for Hannibal, he knows his alpha's been worried over him.

At the thought of his alpha, his piercing blue eyes moved to look at the pale bonding scar on his scent gland. He smiled a little, before finally pulling the teeshirt down over his head and walking towards the door.

Unlike beta birth control, which only interacts with anti-seizure drugs and anti-fungals; omega suppressants anywhere from reduce to neutralize the effectiveness of antibiotics and both prescription and over-the-counter painkillers.

Will chose taking the edge off of the pain he was in after rhe surgery over preventing his upcoming heat.

On the first morning of his preheat, the day after his surgery, they hit a grocery store with a built-in pharmacy, bringing a list of the food and medications Will wanted while the omega slept in the Bently. Afterwards, the trio went into a department store across the parking lot and for a duffle bag of clothing each, once again shopping for Will as he continued to sleep.

The rest of the day, as well as the following three days, were spent driving through the farmlands of Virginia until they found one that suited their needs.

The house on the property was a light grey, two story modern farmhouse with an attic and wrap around porch. There were multiple solar panels on the pitched roofs and judging by the lack of utility poles leading up to the property, the solar panels seemed to have been the sole source of electricity for the home even before the virus outbreak. The house was open concept on the first floor; and there were four bedrooms, which Will insisted wasn't necessary, but Hannibal dismissed him and said it would be good to have a spare for guests.

Much to Hannibal's delight, the home had a recently renovated kitchen. There were stainless steel double ovens, a large undermount stainless steel sink, a walk-in pantry with a fully stocked vintage wine cabinet in rear, a massive double-door fridge, a glass-top induction cooktop on their four seating island with stainless steel hood vent over the cooktop, pale marble countertops throughout, and custom solid wood cabinets that had an espresso stain.

This particular property must have been a private family's farm, for it had a small collection of a variety of animals. There was one dog, ten chickens, five sheep, and only two cows. There was only one male for each as well.

'I've never raised livestock, but I have faith that the four of us can put our intellect together and figure it out,' Hannibal had said after they surveyed the property.

The dog was an indoor pet, not a working dog. After the owners of the home had abandoned the property, the dog had managed to open the pantry door, where his food was kept. He had torn into the bags of kibble the owners had kept on hand, but judging by the amount of kibble missing, he had cleverly only been eating when hungry instead of simply gorging himself. When Will checked the dog's name tag, he agreed that the multicolored mutt did in fact look like a 'Winston'.

The fifth day of his preheat, after they settled into the master bedroom, Will made Hannibal promise that if they were intimate during his heat, they'd use the condoms he had Hannibal get. No matter how much Will might beg the alpha otherwise.

And boy, did he beg.

But Hannibal kept his word.

However, Will hadn't made Hannibal promise not to bond with the omega, who also begged and pleaded the entire week for the alpha to bite him. The blonde finally caved on the last night of Will's heat, biting down on the younger man's scent gland until he broke the skin, blood seeping into his mouth. The alpha pulled back only enough for the omega to nuzzle his own scent gland for a moment before biting down and breaking skin, pulling back to lick up the blood from the mark.

Will had woken the next morning, sleepily feeling the tender, scabbed bond mark on his neck with his fingertips before closing his eyes. He could feel the alpha tied to him, similar to how you can feel the sun kiss your face on a warm day. He smiled softly as he opened his eyes again.

It was six days after his heat, when Hannibal was changing his bandages, that the omega was able to smell the infection. He had been feeling increasingly feverish for two days at that point, with a growing pain inside of the gunshot wound, but he didn't think to bring it up to his alpha. The scent couldn't be ignored, however; he alerted Hannibal immediately, and within minutes the four of them were on the road enroute to the closest pharmacy.

Will opened the bedroom door to the hallway and started making his way towards the stairs, smiling as he heard the tapping of claws running up the steps. In a matter of seconds,

Winston is walking circles around the omega, panting happily as the brunette laughs while scratching behind the dog's ears.

The two of them walk down the steps and into the kitchen, where Hannibal is working on lunch, judging by the time on the clock and the smell in the air. Will sits on one of the bar stools, Winston laying down at his feet, "Good morning."

"Good afternoon, Will. How did you sleep?" He alpha replies pleasantly.

Will shrugged, folding his arms on the island in front of him, "Okay. Did the girls finally run out of the packages of bedsheets we bought last week? The curtains from our bedroom are missing."

Hannibal pauses, pursing his lips, "I liked those curtains."

Will laughed, "Me too. They were blackouts." Hannibal chuckled, going back to cooking.

The kitchen was quiet for some time, before the brunette spoke up again, "Today's my last day of my antibiotic."

The alpha simply hummed in response.

Will rolled his eyes, "Mm? That's it? No, 'congratulations,' or any molecule of excitement?"

Hannibal sighed through his nose, "You had false rib fractures from both Doemling's kick and Budge's gunshot. If we had administered an antibiotic prophylaxis treatment after surgery, as I had advised, you almost certainly wouldn't have gotten that infection to begin with," Hannibal stated simply, before shooting Will a look.

Will groaned, "And like I said a dozen times since you initially suggested it, I spent months on IVs and pills when I had encephalitis. I wasn't taking anything other than over-the-counter painkillers unless I had to."

Hannibal sighs, "Will, we both know the treatment for anti-NMDA receptor encephalitis is a varied combination of plasmapheresis, immunosuppressants, steroids, immunoglobulin therapy, and surgery if a tumor is present. Not antibiotics. You were being unnecessarily stubborn."

Will pouted and visibly deflated, sinking down on the counter to rest his chin on his arms as he looked away, mumbling, "Well, at least I can start suppressants again tomorrow…"

The alpha paused, looking at the omega curiously with a tilt of his head, "Tell me, Will, was it really so bad going through your first heat with an alpha instead of a knotted toy? Have you considered going natural?"

Will chuckled, looking at his alpha from under his lashes as he teased, "You just want to put a baby in me."

At that, Hannibal raises a brow, "Feeling paternal, Will?"

Will looks down as he's reminded of his conversation with Beverly, what felt like a lifetime ago, before speaking softly, "Aren't you?"

"Yes," Hannibal replies simply, causing the omega to frown and look up. When he does, he sees a warm, loving smile shining back at him. He sits up slightly as his face goes slack, his mouth dropping open slightly, finding himself at a complete and total loss for words.

A baby…

His suppressants expire on March first this upcoming spring. Maybe they can revisit the concept again then.

Or maybe he can throw his suppressants in the trash tonight and see what happens after his next heat.

It's in that moment that Will hears it. It's faint, and far in the distance, but it's rural farmland out in this part of Virginia. Sound echoes for miles.

"It's coming! Where are the girls?" Will says in excitement as he carefully gets down from the barstool, still having tenderness in his abdomen, and nearly steps on Winston's tail which startles the poor pooch alert all the same.

Hannibal quickly turns off the cooktop's burners as well as the oven, "They're sewing on the porch swing out front."

Will and Hannibal hurry through the house and open the front door, Winston running past them out onto the lawn. Will smiles to the girls from the doorway, "It's coming!"

Both girls look up with surprise as they gasp, smiling as they jump up from the porch swing. On their laps had been a thick bundle of fabrics that continued into a thick heap on the floor. The girls gathered the bundle of fabric up from the floor, each taking half of it under their arm as they ran into the field in front of the house.

There were already four other letters made out of king bed sheets that were sewn together, then held down to the ground with galvanized tent pegs Hannibal had found in the barn on the rear of the property. The branch of each letter was two bed sheets wide throughout, each letter ultimately sitting at six bed sheets wide and five bed sheets tall.

Abigail and Mischa ran in opposite directions, quickly stretching out the final letter, an 'O' to finish off the multicolored 'H E L L O' laying across the field. Winston ran under the sewn sheets as they flapped in the wind to the middle of the letter before running in a circle, barking in confusion at all of the commotion. Mischa and Abigail quickly started pegging the letter into the ground.

"Are you sure you heard it, Will?" Mischa asked as she stomped down her final peg before standing.

Will had made his way over to stand ahead of the 'E' and looked over to her with a smile, "Just give it a few more seconds!"

Hannibal smiled as well as he stood on the side of the 'H,' looking up to the sky expectantly as he heard the jet and folded his arms.

Mischa and Abigail stayed on either end of the 'O' and waited another moment, but then both of their faces split into excited smiles as they finally heard the jet.

A moment later, it came streaking across the sky as both of the girls started frantically jumping up and down while waving their arms wildly, causing Winston to get riled up again and start barking while he ran around in confusion. Hannibal looked over and smiled at the girl's excitement as he waved up to the jet with one arm, while Will simply laughed happily at his pack as he shook his head and held his tender abdomen.

As soon as the jet was out of sight, the girls ran up to the omega with excitement, Abigail grinning as she looked between everyone, "Do you think they saw us?"

Will chuckled and nodded, patting her head, before turning to head back inside, "If they didn't, fuck them anyway."

Chapter End Notes

...AND THAT'S A WRAP! Thank you everyone who came on this journey with me, both the silent and the commenters! I had a blast writing this, and having others enjoy it to boot made the expierience all that more sweet. It's bitterweet to see it over, but I loved every moment of it.

End Notes

Writing this more for myself than for the views, but I'd love to hear your thoughts.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!